

POLICE

COMICS

DECEMBER
No. 85

STILL 52 PAGES

10¢

PLASTIC MAN

MIXES UP A BATCH
OF TROUBLE
for
THE BAKER!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN GIVEN

53rd YEAR

ACT
NOW

**PREMIUMS or
CASH COMMISSION**

BE FIRST

ACT
NOW

We
Trust
You

Boys
Girls

MAIL COUPON



Ladies
Men

BE FIRST
WE ARE RELIABLE

No
Money
Now



Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Regulation Footballs, Excel Movie Projectors (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls latest model Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon for starting order. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 108-A, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN
PREMIUMS or CASH

GIRLS BOYS



ACT
NOW

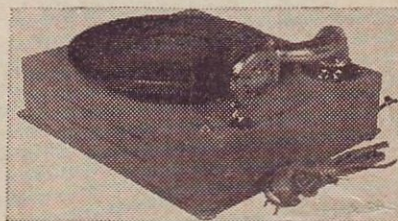
BE
FIRST

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Be first. We are reliable. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-B, Tyrone, Pa.

PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

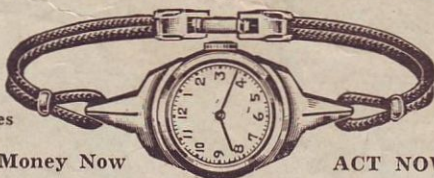
School Boxes, Excellent tone Electric Record Players, 4 Tube Superheterodyne Radios, Telescopes, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Our 53rd year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon for starting order sent postage paid by us. We trust you.

WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108-C, TYRONE, PA.



PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

Girls
Ladies



Boys
Men

No Money Now

ACT NOW!

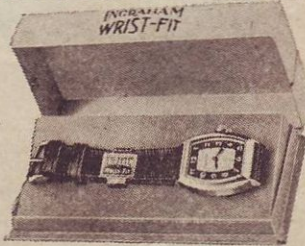
Latest design Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Rifles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-E, Tyrone, Pa.

**PREMIUMS - CASH
GIVEN**

GIRLS-BOYS-LADIES-MEN — Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit per catalog sent with starting order. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-D, Tyrone, Pa.

ACT
NOW

NO
MONEY
NOW



Mail Coupon Today

WILSON CHEM CO., Dept. 108, TYRONE, PA. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial, twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME AGE

ST. R.D. BOX.....

TOWN ZONE No. STATE.....

Print LAST Name Here

Write or paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope



Plastic Man

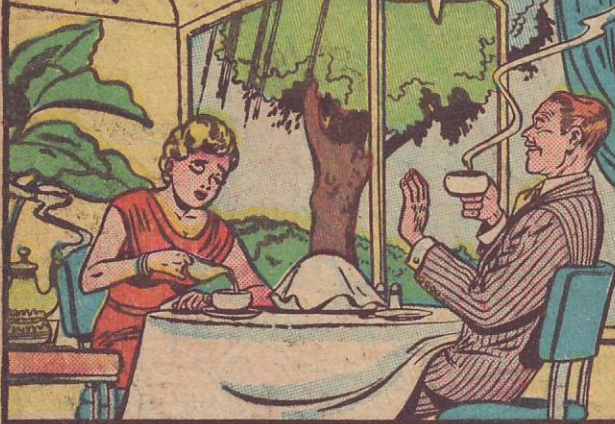
WHAT A CAKE!
THE MOST ARTISTIC,
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
OF ALL MY
CREATIONS!

BUT SAMPLE
THIS ONE FOR
FLAVOR!

THE BAKER had a
thousand recipes for
murder... but stopping
his cookery wasn't a
cakewalk for
PLASTIC MAN!

OH, JOHN, I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT THAT EXTORTION NOTEY

NONSENSE, MY DEAR! IT'S IN THE HANDS OF THE F.B.I.! I UNDERSTAND THEY HAVE PLASTIC MAN HIMSELF ON THE JOB!

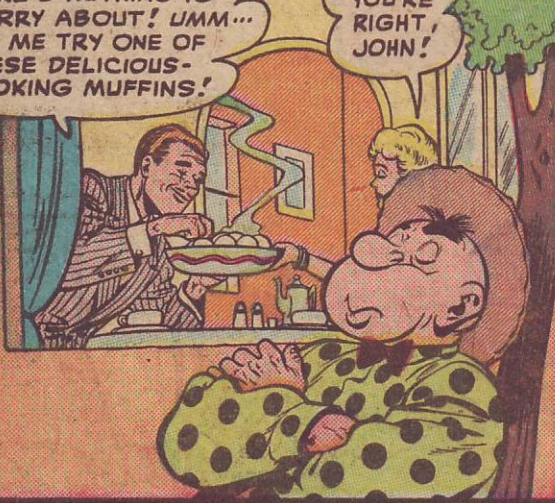


AND I'M ALSO HERE TO PROTECT YOU! DON'T FORGET, I'M PLASTIC MAN'S RIGHT-HAND MAN!



SO YOU SEE, DEAR! THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! UMM... LET ME TRY ONE OF THESE DELICIOUS-LOOKING MUFFINS!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, JOHN!



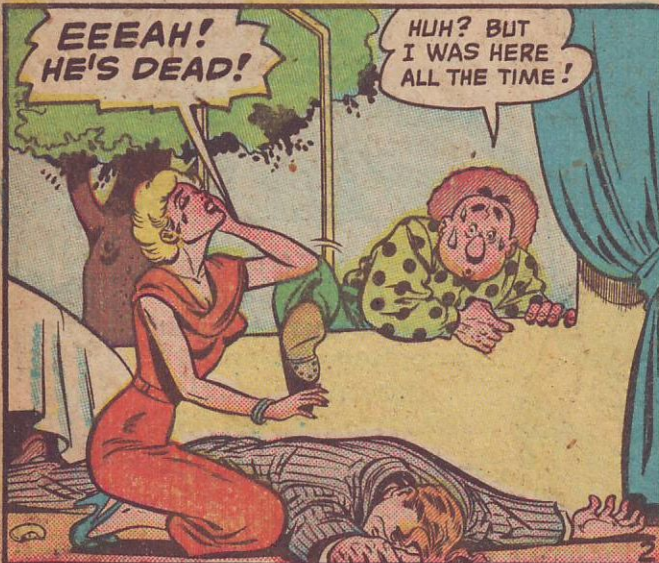
AAAGHHH!

JOHN! WHAT IS IT?



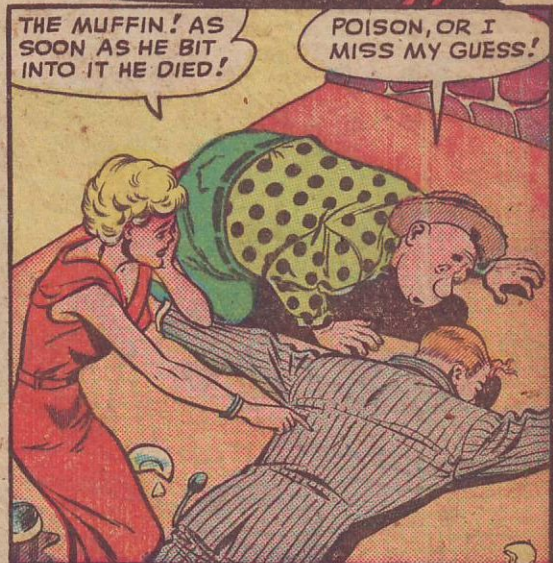
EEEEAH! HE'S DEAD!

HUH? BUT I WAS HERE ALL THE TIME!



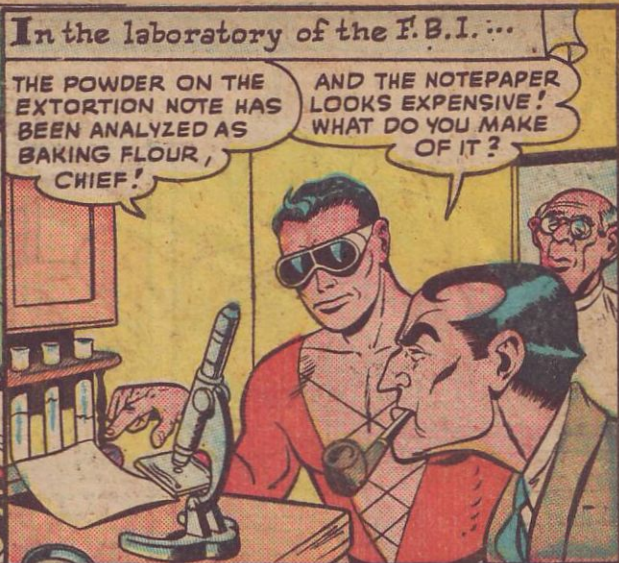
THE MUFFIN! AS SOON AS HE BIT INTO IT HE DIED!

POISON, OR I MISS MY GUESS!





I'LL RUSH THIS HALF-BAKED EVIDENCE TO PLASTIC MAN!



In the laboratory of the F.B.I....

THE POWDER ON THE EXTORTION NOTE HAS BEEN ANALYZED AS BAKING FLOUR, CHIEF!

AND THE NOTEPAPER LOOKS EXPENSIVE! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?



IT SEEMS TO ADD UP TO A BAKER WHO IS NOT JUST AN ORDINARY BAKER!

WELL, HE TANGLED WITH US WHEN HE SENT THIS EXTORTION NOTE TO JOHN RANCITT THROUGH THE MAIL!



I'D BETTER GET OVER TO RANCITT'S PLACE AND SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!



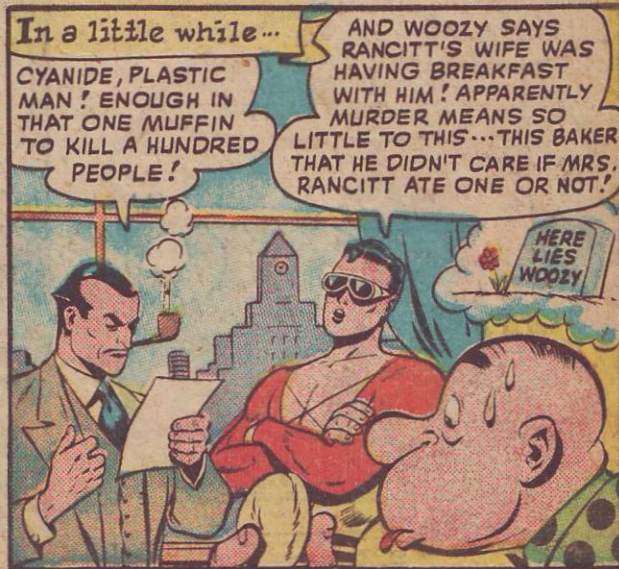
PLAS! PLAS! I GOT AN IMPORTANT MUFFIN HERE!

EASY, WOOLZY! LOTS OF PEOPLE HAVE MUFFINS WITHOUT GETTING SO EXCITED!



YOU DON'T GET IT! MR. RANCITT BIT INTO THIS AND DIED ON THE SPOT!

POISON IN THE MUFFIN! THEN THE EXTORTIONER MUST BE A BAKER... OR HAS ONE WORKING FOR HIM! GIVE IT HERE! I'LL ORDER A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS!

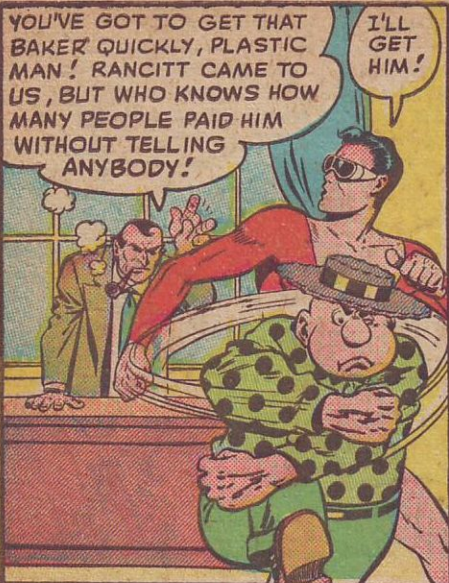


In a little while...

CYANIDE, PLASTIC MAN! ENOUGH IN THAT ONE MUFFIN TO KILL A HUNDRED PEOPLE!

AND WOOLZY SAYS RANCITT'S WIFE WAS HAVING BREAKFAST WITH HIM! APPARENTLY MURDER MEANS SO LITTLE TO THIS... THIS BAKER THAT HE DIDN'T CARE IF MRS. RANCITT ATE ONE OR NOT!

HERE LIES WOOLZY



YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT BAKER QUICKLY, PLASTIC MAN! RANCITT CAME TO US, BUT WHO KNOWS HOW MANY PEOPLE PAID HIM WITHOUT TELLING ANYBODY!

I'LL GET HIM!

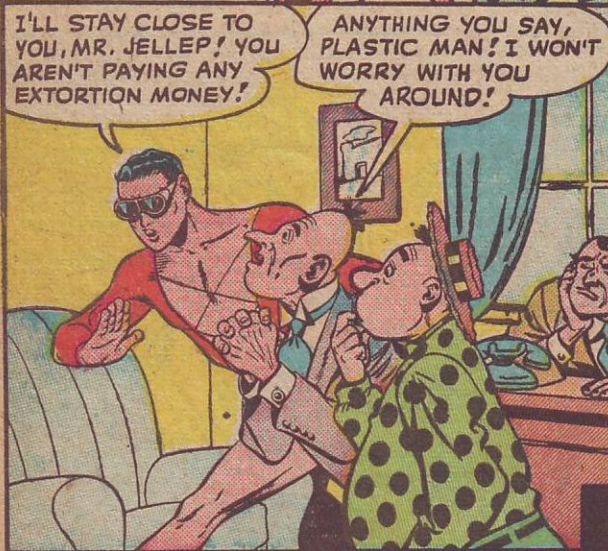


YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! MY NAME IS JELLEP! JOHN RANCITT WAS MY BEST FRIEND! TEN MINUTES AFTER HIS WIFE CALLED TO TELL ME ABOUT HIS AWFUL DEATH, I FOUND THIS NOTE IN MY MAIL BOX!



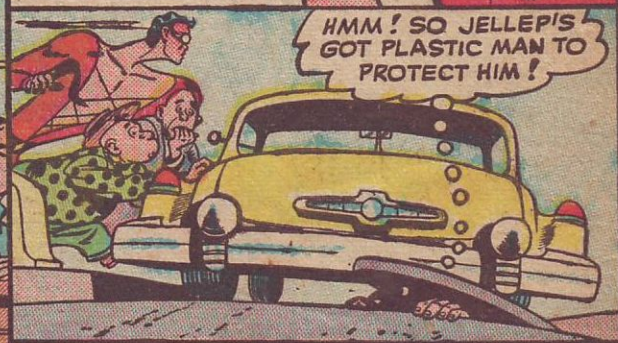
HAVE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS READY TODAY! IT WILL BE CALLED FUG! REFUSE TO COMPLY OR TELL THE POLICE AND YOU WILL DIE!

SAME NOTE- PAPER! AND TRACES OF FLOUR AGAIN!

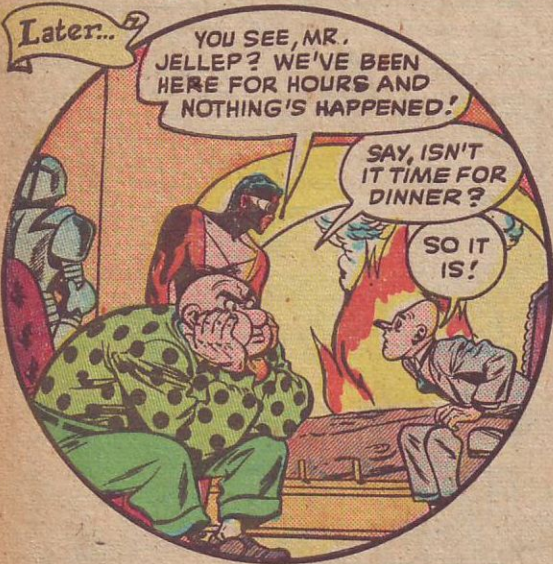


I'LL STAY CLOSE TO YOU, MR. JELLEP! YOU AREN'T PAYING ANY EXTORTION MONEY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, PLASTIC MAN! I WON'T WORRY WITH YOU AROUND!



HMM! SO JELLEP'S GOT PLASTIC MAN TO PROTECT HIM!



Later...

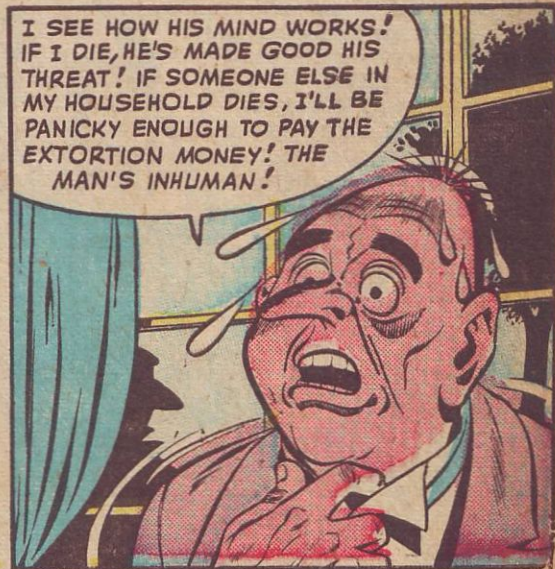
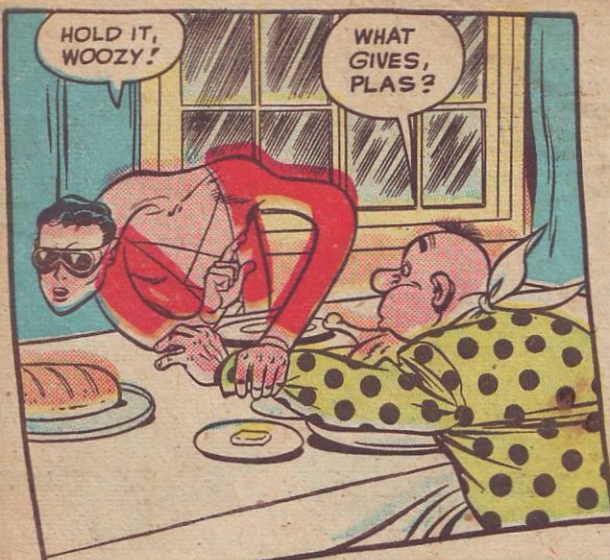
YOU SEE, MR. JELLEP? WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED!

SAY, ISN'T IT TIME FOR DINNER?

SO IT IS!



AH! JUST WHAT I LIKE! TURKEY, SWEET POTATOES, CRANBERRY SAUCE AND SOME NICE FRESH BREAD!



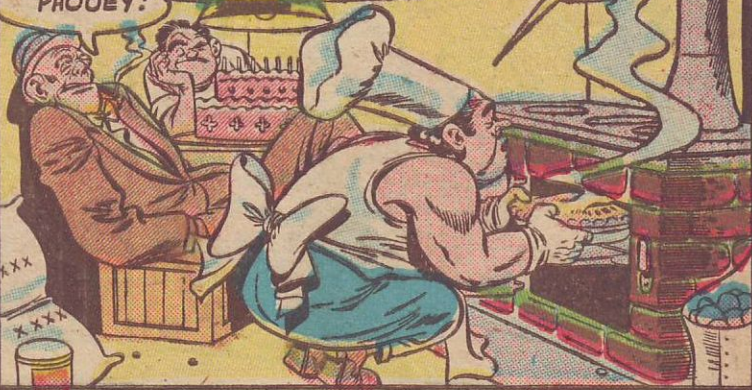
PLASTIC MAN
OUTFOXED THE
BAKER! THE BAKER
WON'T LIKE IT WHEN
I TELL HIM!



At the Baker's hideout...

Y'KNOW, BOSS, I CAN UNDERSTAND
IT WHEN YOU BAKE THINGS TO
KNOCK OFF GUYS WHO WON'T
SHELL OUT... BUT FOR RELAXATION...
PHOOEY!

HEH! HEH! WHAT
WOULD A CRUDE
THUG LIKE YOU
KNOW ABOUT
THE CULINARY
ART?



EVER SINCE I WAS A POOR
APPRENTICE BAKER I HAVE
MADE CAKES, PIES AND
BUNS THAT WERE MASTER-
PIECES! TROUBLE WAS,
THAT PROFESSION DIDN'T
PAY TOO WELL!

SO I DECIDED TO
COMBINE CLEVER
CRIME WITH MY
WORK! HEH! HEH!
AS YOU KNOW, I NOW
REAP A FORTUNE DOING
THE WORK I
LOVE!

AW, I'D STILL
RATHER USE A
BLACKJACK OR
A ROD!



THE JELLED JOB
WAS QUEERED BY
PLASTIC MAN,
BOSS! I SUBSTITUTED
YOUR LOAF OF BREAD
ON THE TABLE LIKE YOU
TOLD ME, BUT PLASTIC
MAN MUST HAVE
CAUGHT ON!

PLASTIC
MAN, EH?



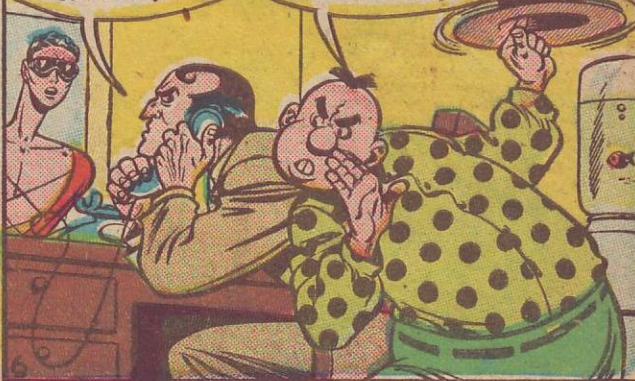
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO
MATCH WITS WITH HIM!
I HEAR R.F. HAGEN, THE
OIL MAN, HAS GONE TO
THE POLICE, TOO! LET'S
SEE PLASTIC MAN
PREVENT HIS
DEATH!

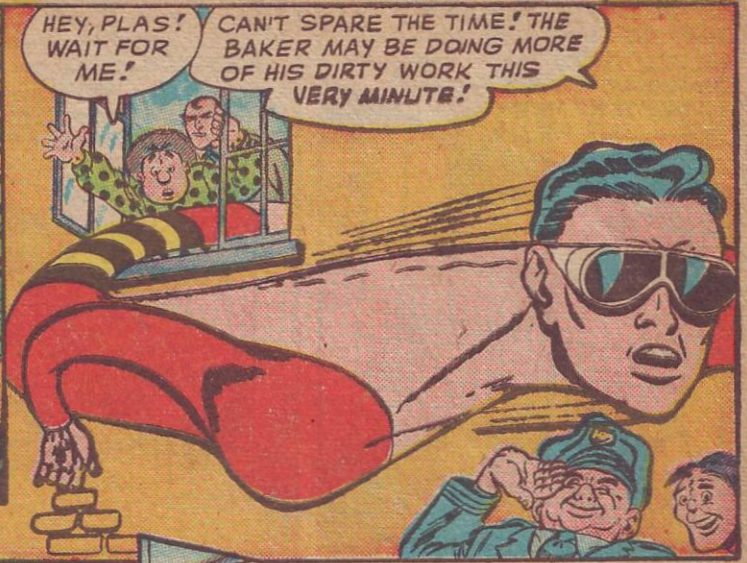


And at the office of the F.B.I.

IT'S A MAN NAMED
R.F. HAGEN! HE'S
GOTTEN A NOTE LIKE
THE ONE SENT TO
JELLED!

NOTHING TO IT,
CHIEF! JUST TELL
HIM TO LOOK OUT
FOR SCORPIONS IN
HIS BREAD!

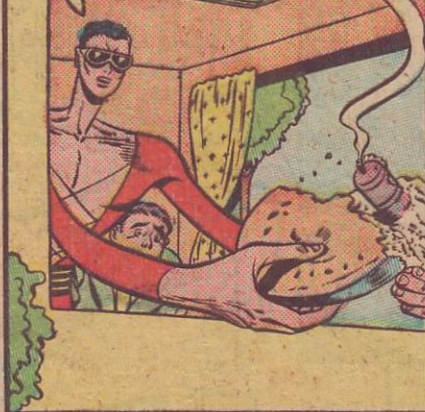




SO FAR THIS BAKER HASN'T USED THE SAME MURDER METHOD TWICE, BUT OBVIOUSLY HE'D EXPECT YOU TO USE A KNIFE ON A PIE!

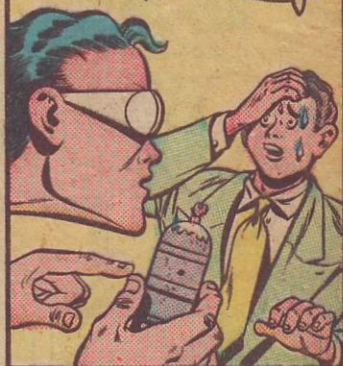


SO, I'LL TAKE A CHANCE WITH MY HANDS AND HOPE THERE AREN'T ANY MORE SCORPIONS!



A MINIATURE MAGNETIC MINE! CONTACT WITH THE KNIFE WOULD HAVE BLOWN THIS ROOM TO BITS!

GREAT SCOTT!



YOU'LL BE SAFE FOR A WHILE IF YOU LEAVE ALL BAKERY PRODUCTS ALONE!

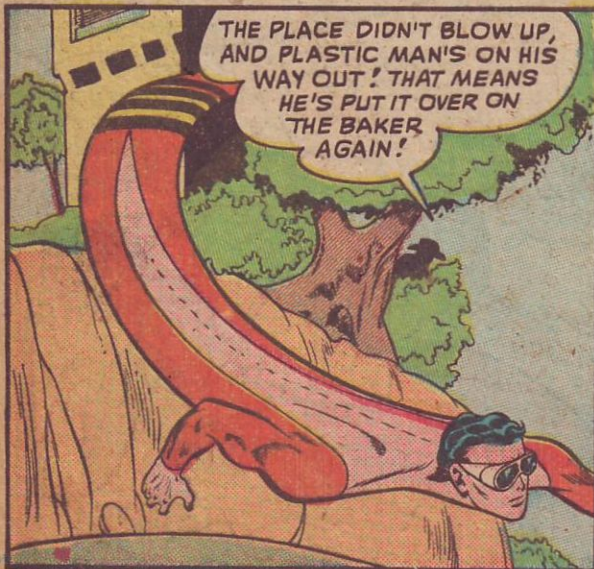
WE.. WE WON'T TOUCH SO MUCH AS A CRACKER UNTIL YOU SAY SO, PLASTIC MAN!



GOOD! I'VE AN IDEA THAT BECAUSE I'VE FOILED THIS KILLER TWICE HE MAY BE ANGRY ENOUGH TO LET ME KNOW ABOUT IT!

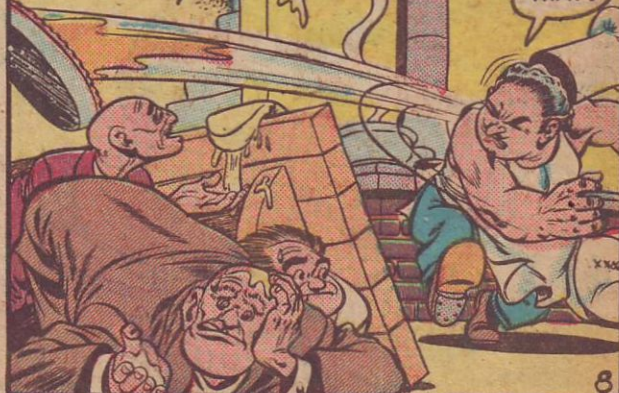


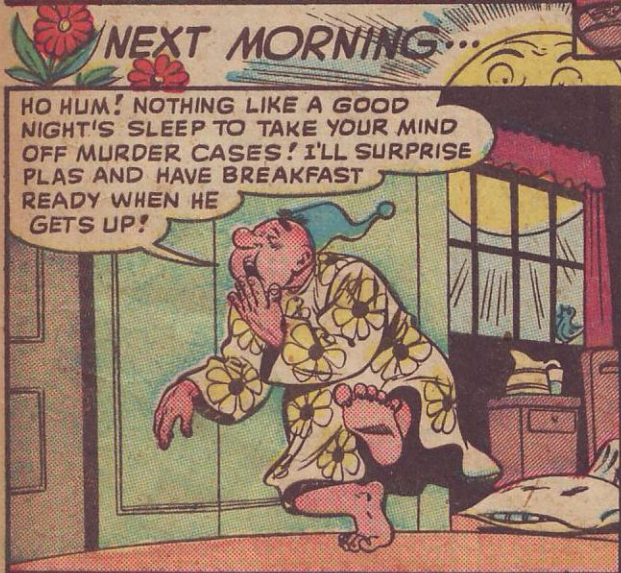
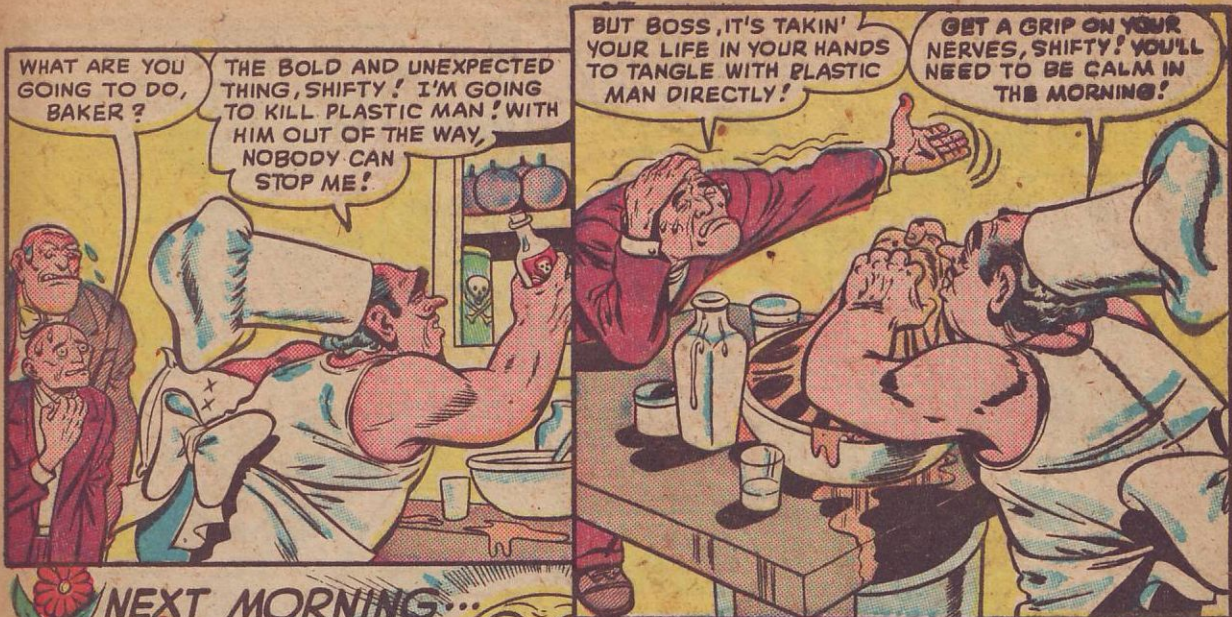
THE PLACE DIDN'T BLOW UP, AND PLASTIC MAN'S ON HIS WAY OUT! THAT MEANS HE'S PUT IT OVER ON THE BAKER AGAIN!

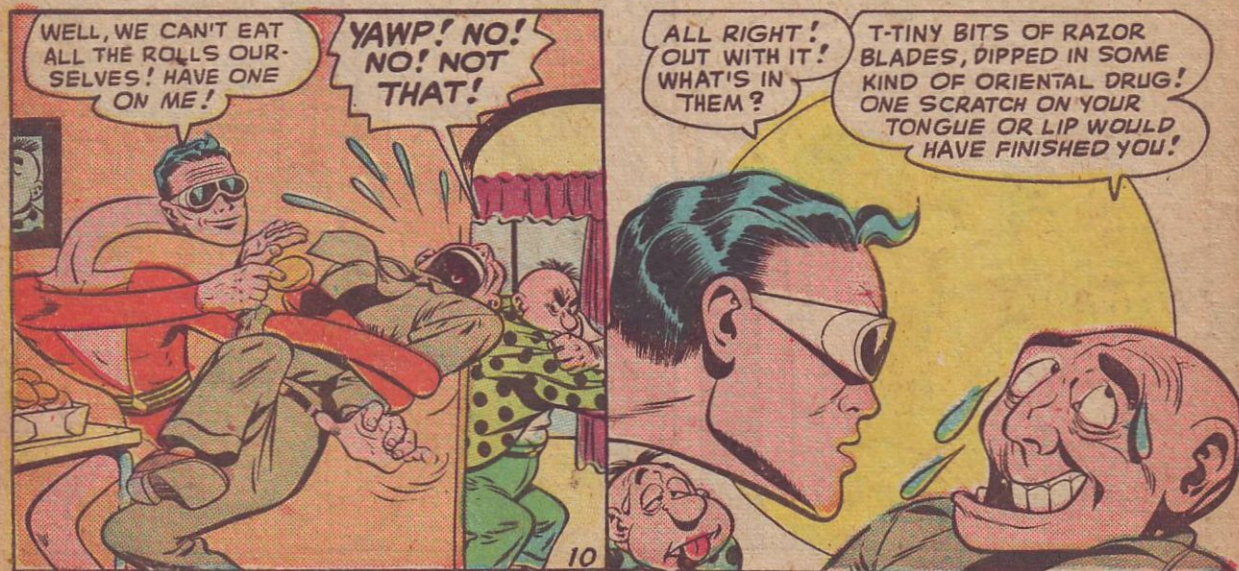
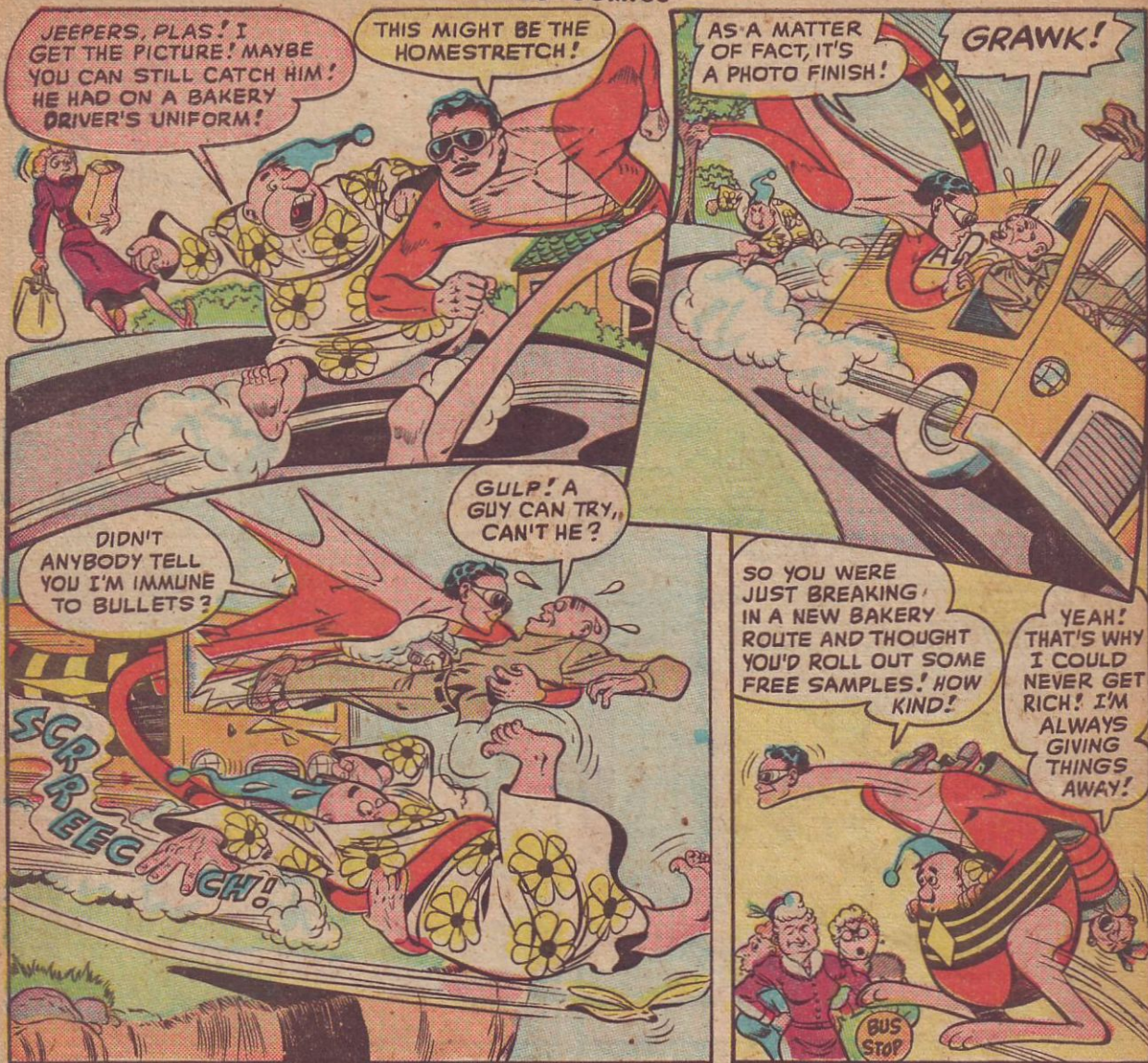


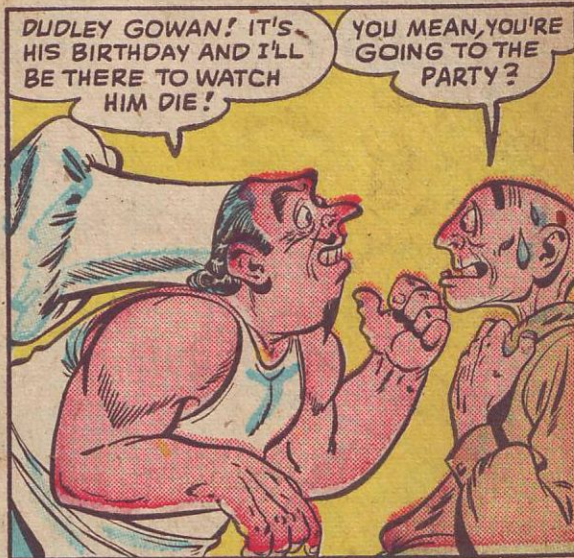
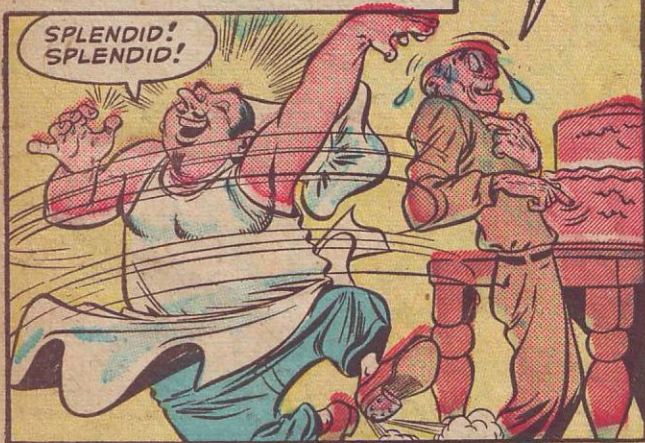
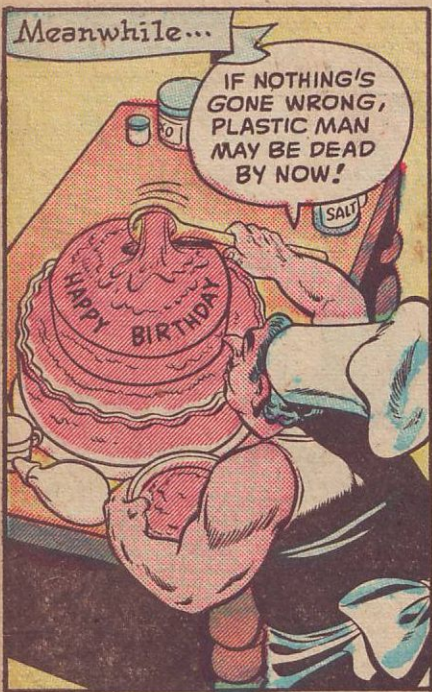
WE LOST FOR THE SECOND TIME, BOSS! PLASTIC MAN WAS AT THE HAGEN PLACE AND NOTHING HAPPENED!

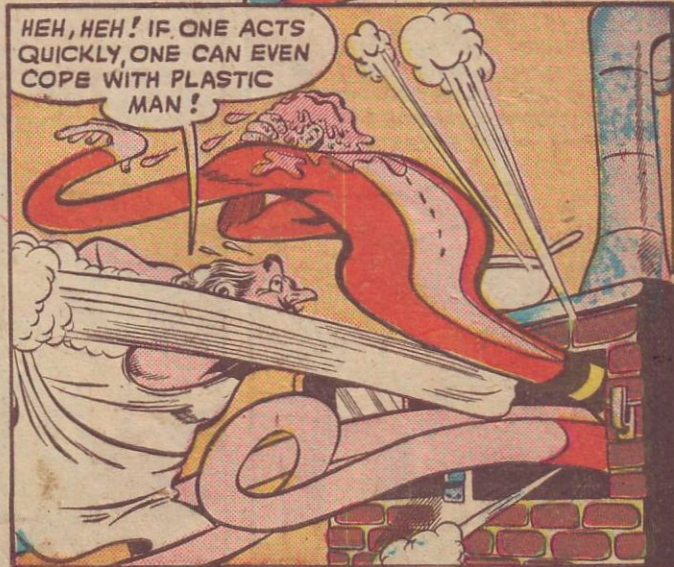
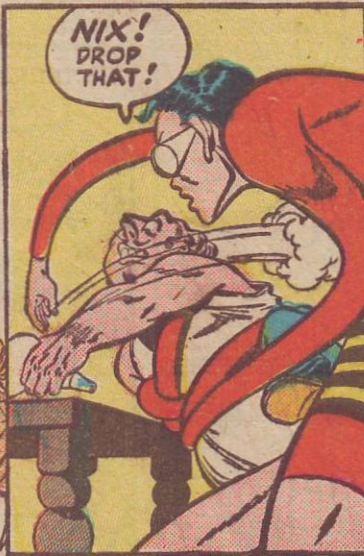
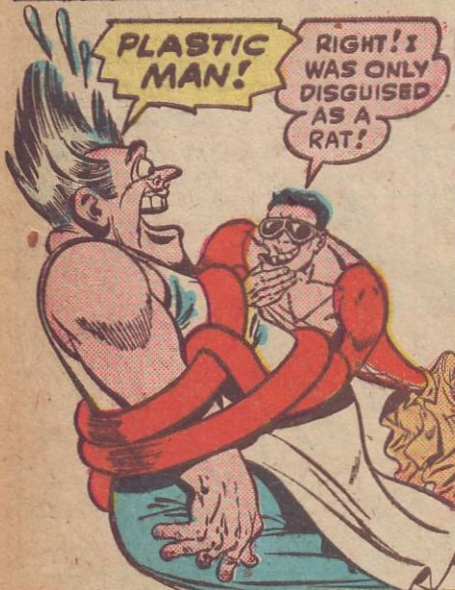
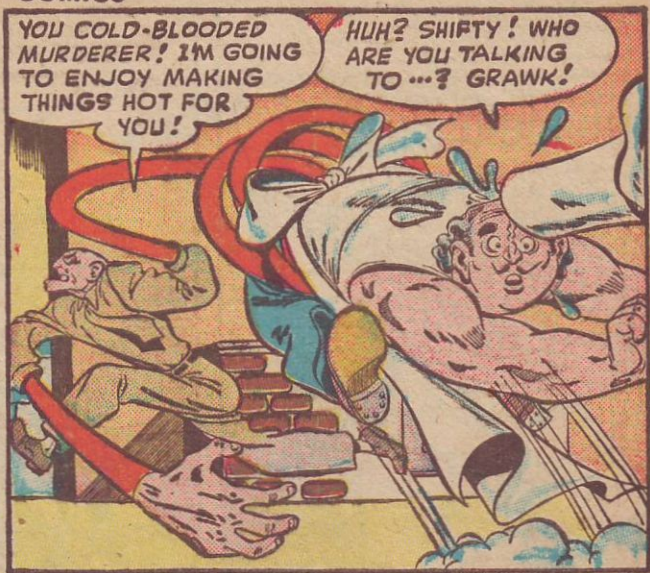
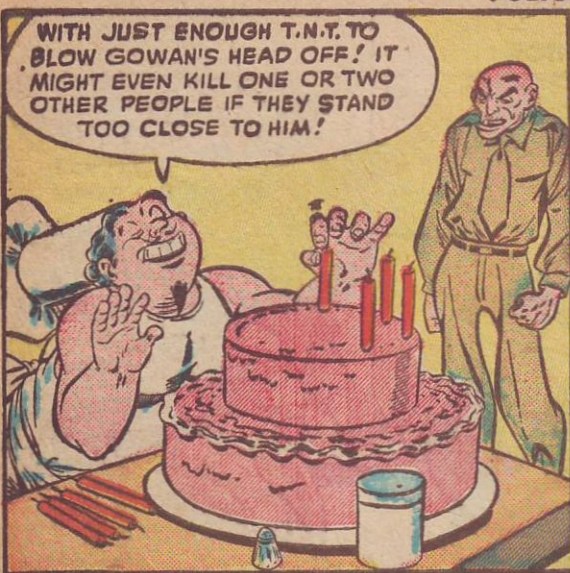
SO PLASTIC MAN THINKS HE CAN KEEP THWARTING ME! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

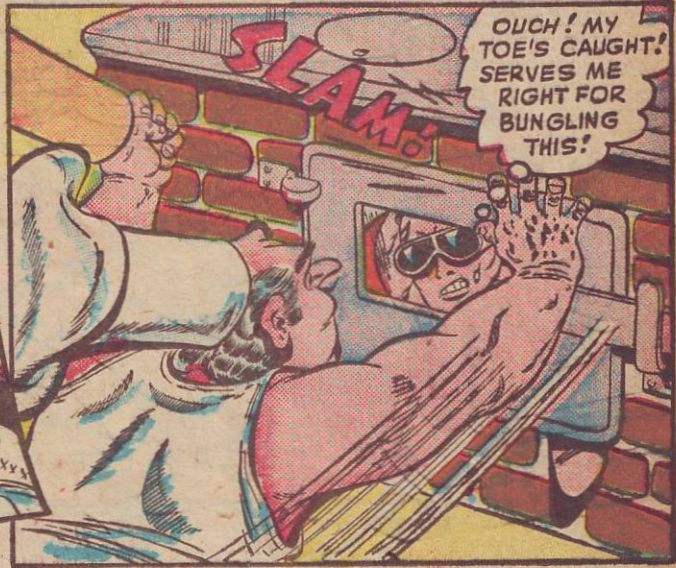
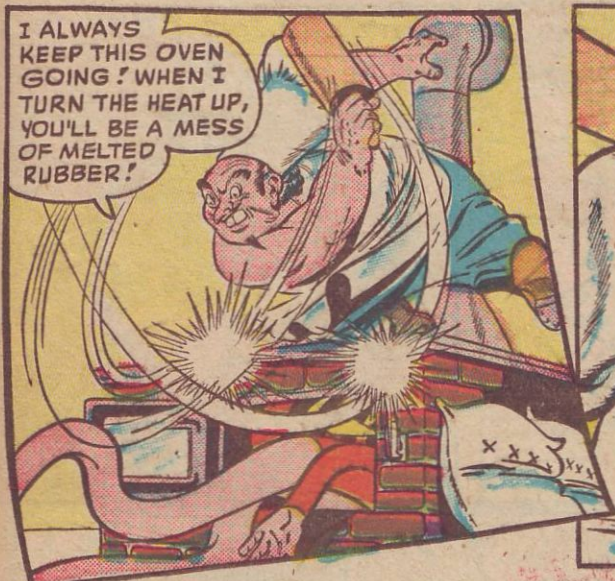


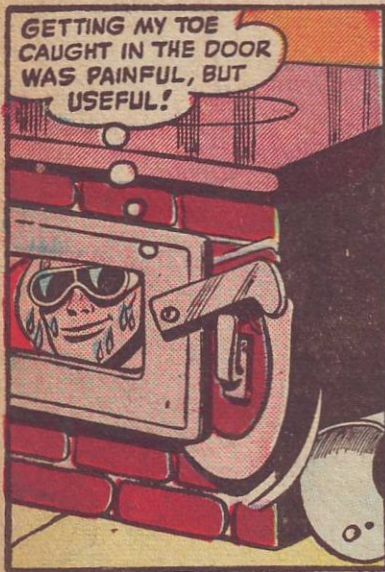












GETTING MY TOE
CAUGHT IN THE DOOR
WAS PAINFUL, BUT
USEFUL!



THIS TIME THE BAKER'S
GOING TO GET A WORSE
SURPRISE THAN
BEFORE!



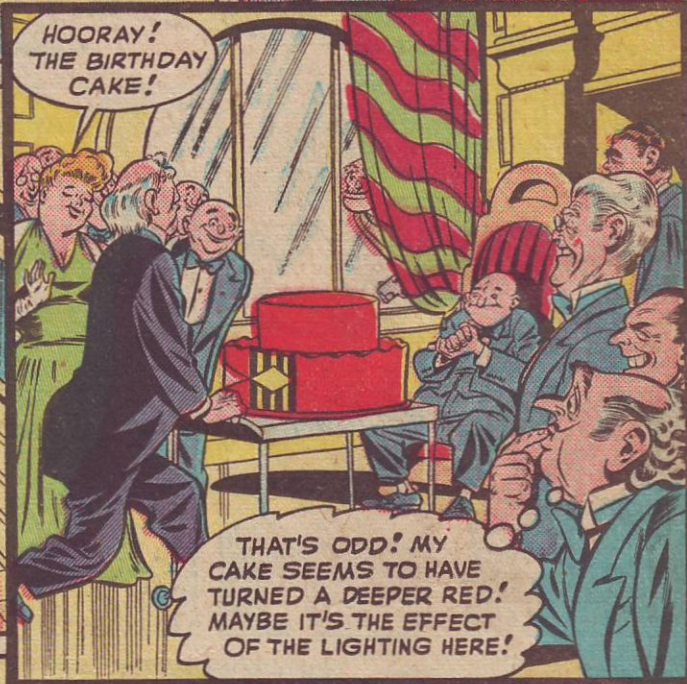
A little later...
GIVE ME A HAND
WITH THIS CAKE!
IT SURE IS HEAVY!

YEAH! THE
BOSS MUST
HAVE LOADED
IT WITH
CANNON
BALLS!



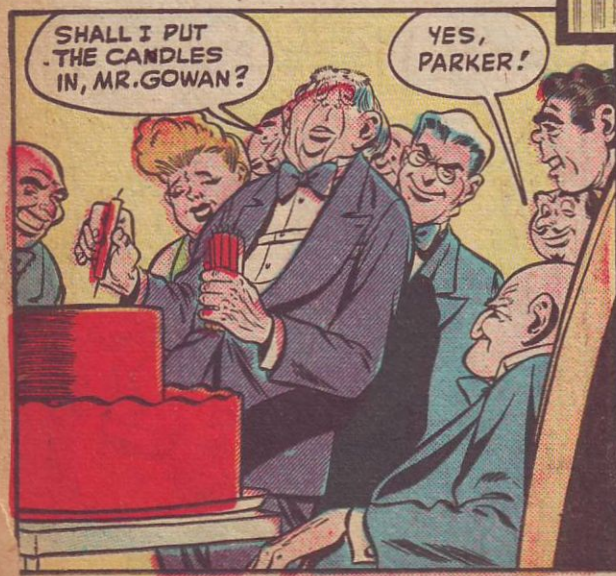
NICE TIMING!
NOT A SERVANT
IN THE KITCHEN!

WE GOTTA GET OUT
BEFORE THEY COME!
BACK! DON'T
FORGET TO
LEAVE THE
CANDLES!



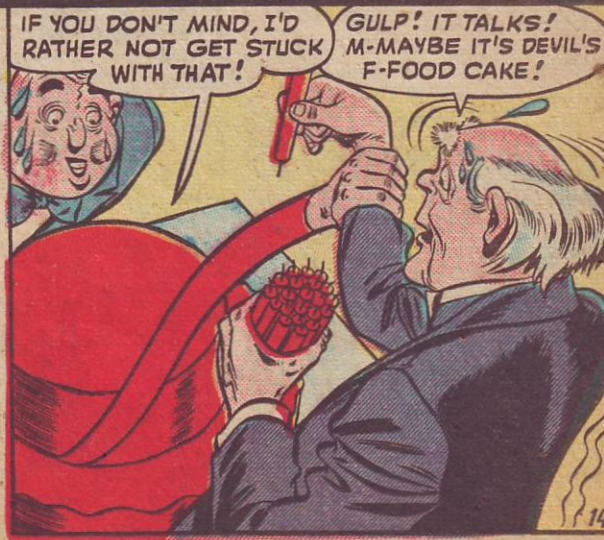
HOORAY!
THE BIRTHDAY
CAKE!

THAT'S ODD! MY
CAKE SEEMS TO HAVE
TURNED A DEEPER RED!
MAYBE IT'S THE EFFECT
OF THE LIGHTING HERE!



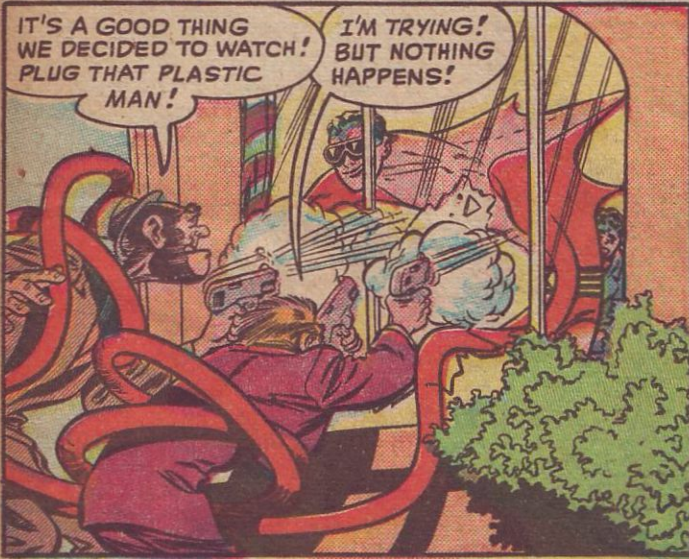
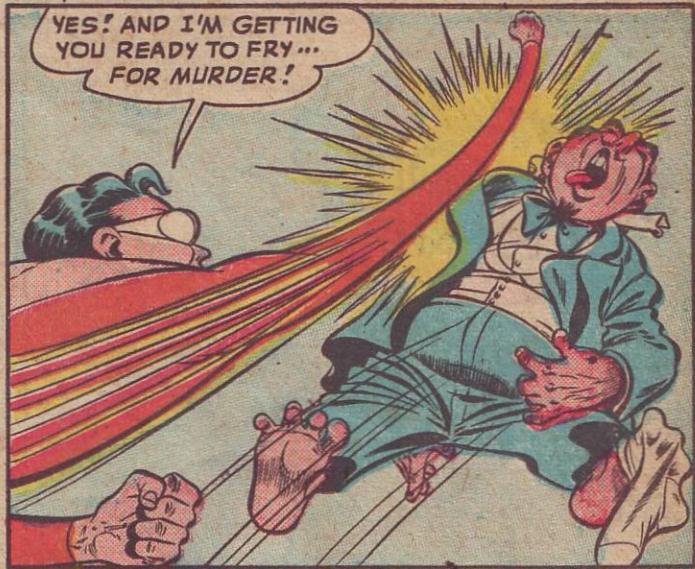
SHALL I PUT
THE CANDLES
IN, MR. GOWAN?

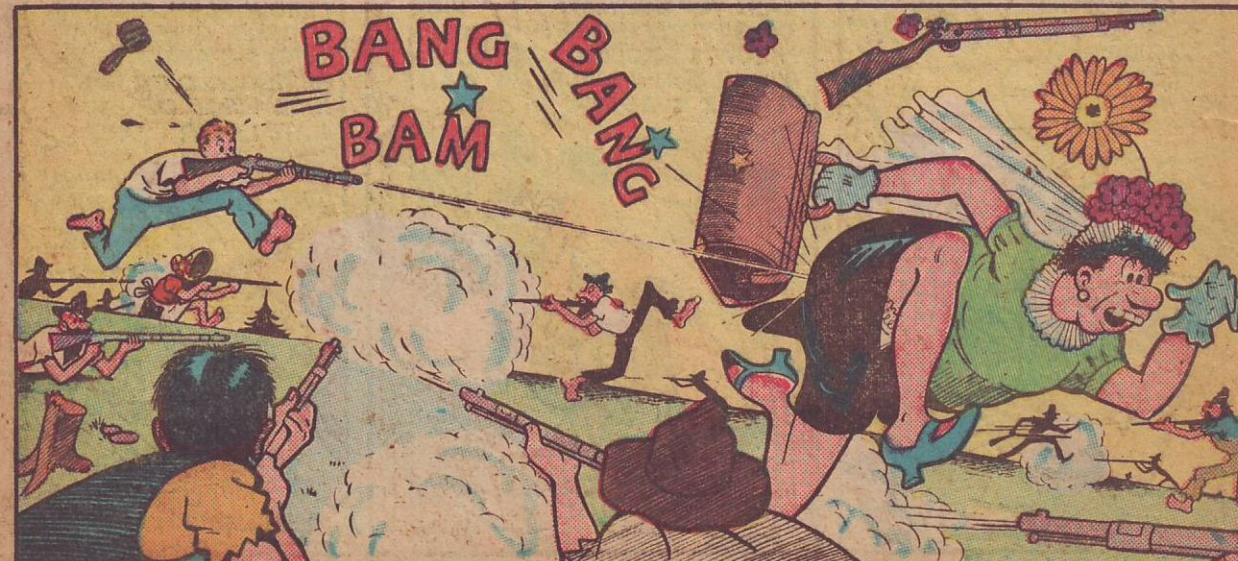
YES,
PARKER!

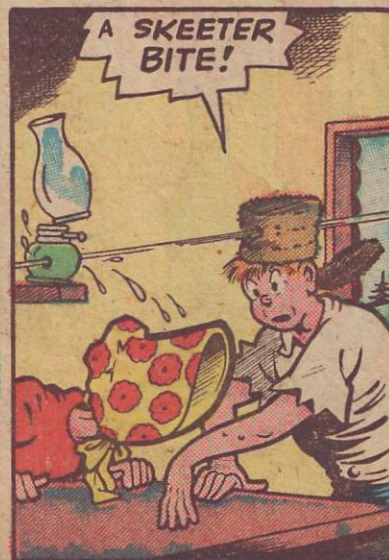
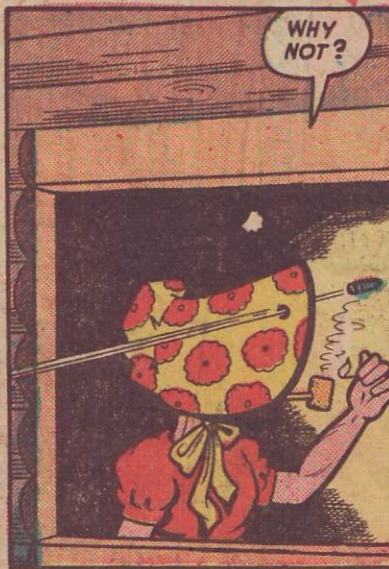
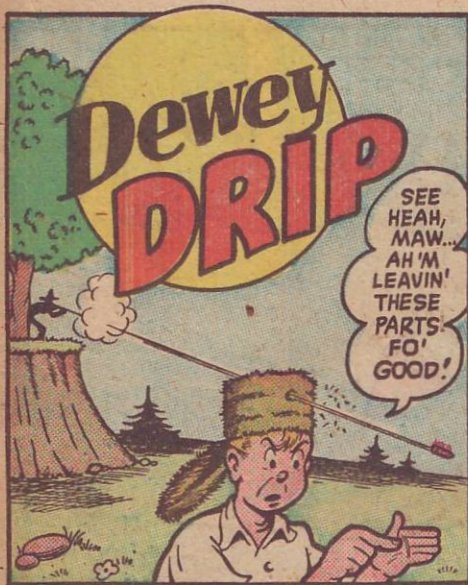


IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D
RATHER NOT GET STUCK
WITH THAT!

GULP! IT TALKS!
M-MAYBE IT'S DEVIL'S
F-FOOD CAKE!







HONEYBUN

THAT MAN
MOTHER-IN-LAW
HIRED TO DO THIS JOB
WILL CHARGE TOO
MUCH! IT'LL BE A
SURPRISE WHEN
SHE FINDS OUT
I'M DOING IT!

I'M SO
GLAD I INSISTED
UPON HIRING A
PROFESSIONAL PIANO
MOVER TO BRING THAT
DRESSER DOWN FROM
THE ATTIC! I WOULDN'T
FEEL SAFE IF
HONEYBUN
TRIED IT!

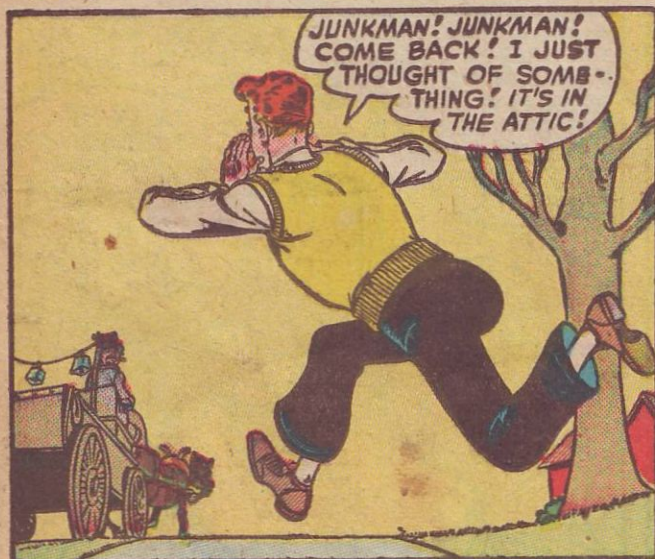
SURE YOU GIRLS
DON'T WANT ME
TO GIVE YOU A
LIFT TO THE
BRIDGE
PARTY?

NO THANKS,
HONEY-
BUN! WE
WANT TO GET
THERE IN ONE
PIECE!

NOW YOU
JUST STAY
HOME AND
READ THAT
BOOK I
BOUGHT FOR
YOU, DEAR!

I DON'T KNOW
WHY I CAN'T GAIN
MOTHER-IN-LAW'S
CONFIDENCE :ULP!
THERE GOES THE
DOORBELL ... JUST
AS I'M GETTING
COMFORTABLE!

BR-RING!

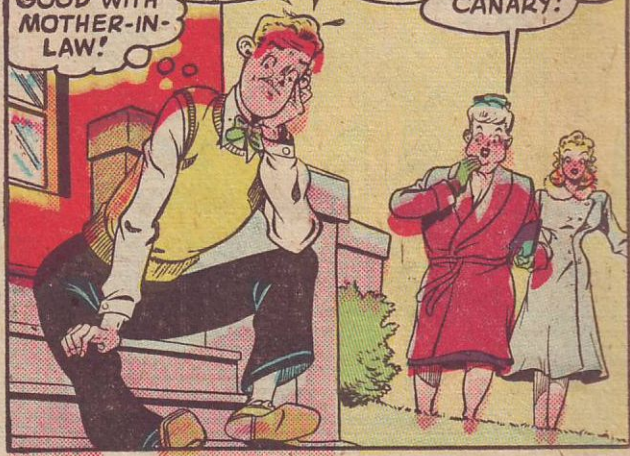


...18, 19, 20! THAT'S A LOTTA DOUGH TO CHARGE TO MOVE THAT OLD PIECE OF JUNK!



WHEW! 18 BUCKS IN THE RED! BUT IT WAS TOO GOOD A CHANCE TO MISS! NOW I'LL BE IN GOOD WITH MOTHER-IN-LAW!

WHAT'S HONEYBUN BEEN UP TO NOW? HE LOOKS LIKE THE CAT WHO JUST ATE THE CANARY!



HI, GIRLS! HAVE A GOOD TIME? GUESS WHAT I JUST...

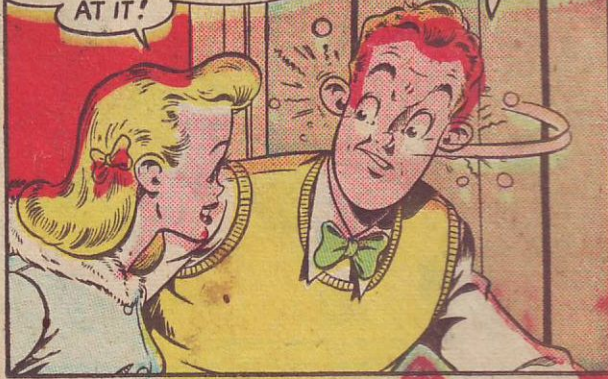
I'LL RUSTLE UP A SNACK FOR DINNER! MIGGS, YOU TELL HONEYBUN THE GOOD NEWS!

HONEYBUN, THE MOST WONDERFUL THING HAS HAPPENED!



...MR. WIGGS, THE ANTIQUE DEALER, WAS AT THE BRIDGE CLUB! HE SAYS THAT OLD DRESSER MOTHER HAS UP IN THE ATTIC IS A GENUINE ANTIQUE AND MAY BE WORTH HUNDREDS! HE'LL BE COMING HERE TOMORROW TO LOOK AT IT!

GULP! H-HUNDREDS? OH, BROTHER!

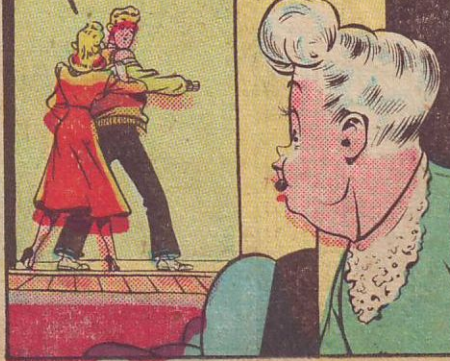


MIGGS...THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU... I JUST SOLD THAT DRESSER TO A JUNK-MAN FOR \$2.00!



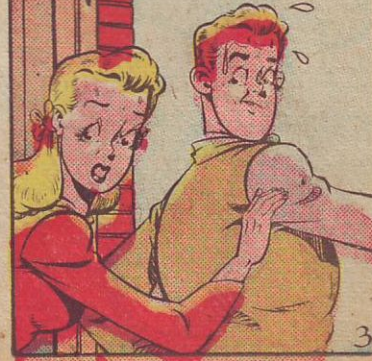
OH, HONEYBUN, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! YOU'VE JUST GOT TO GET IT BACK SOMEHOW!

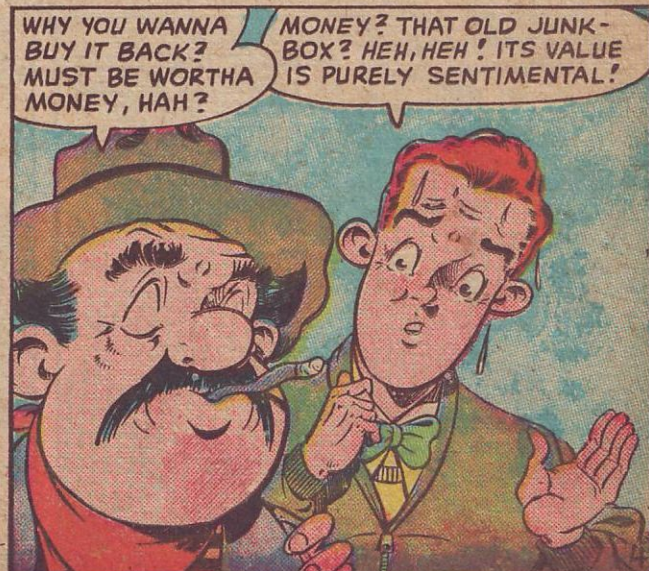
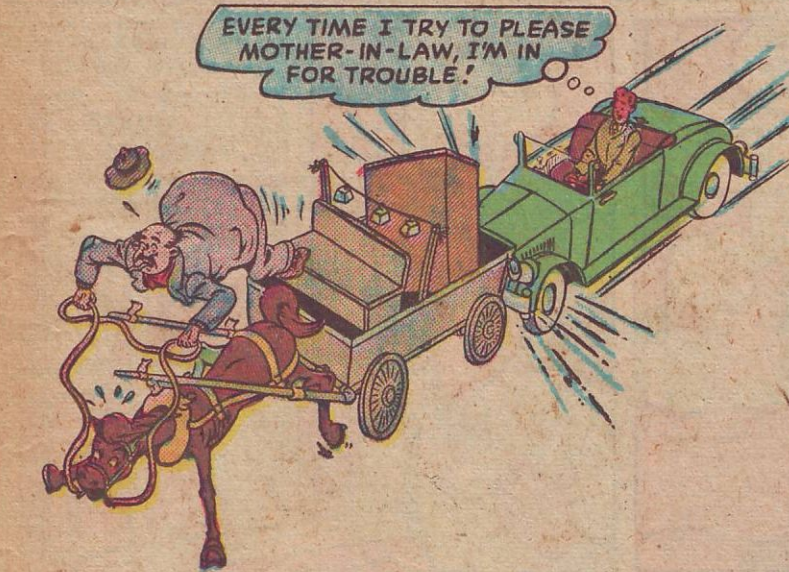
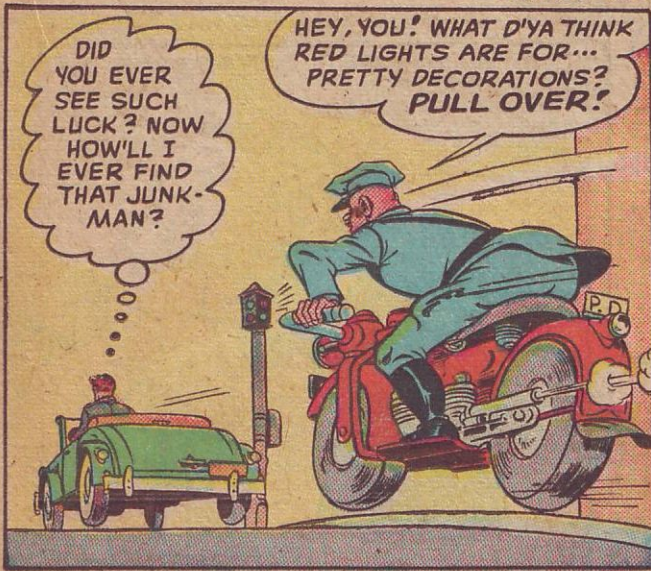
HONEYBUN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I WANT YOU TO HELP ME BRING THAT DRESSER DOWN!

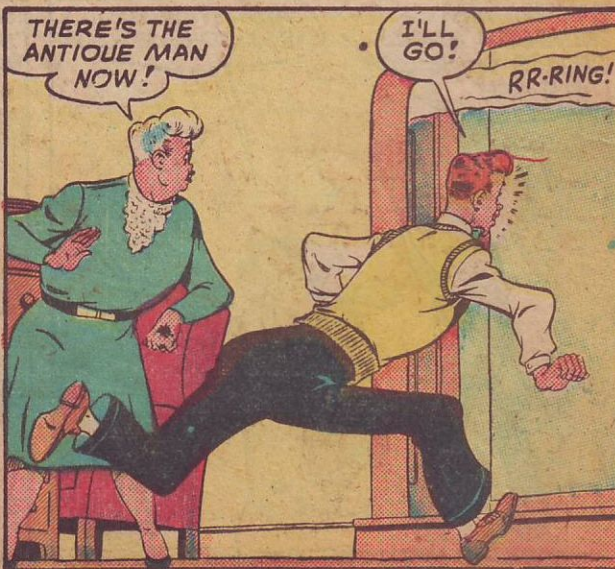
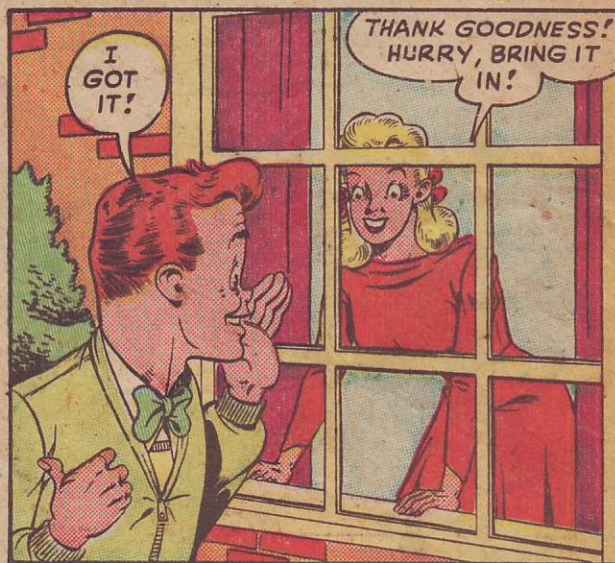
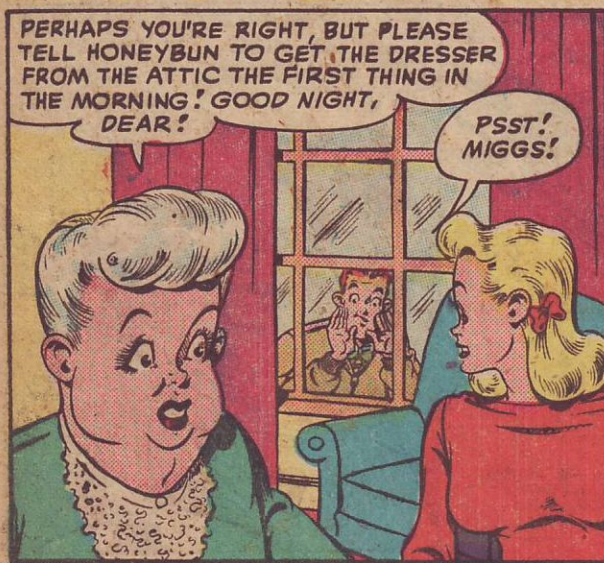
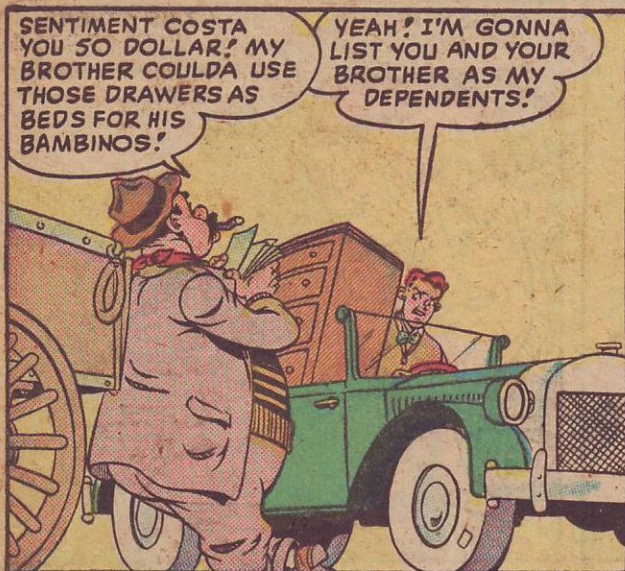


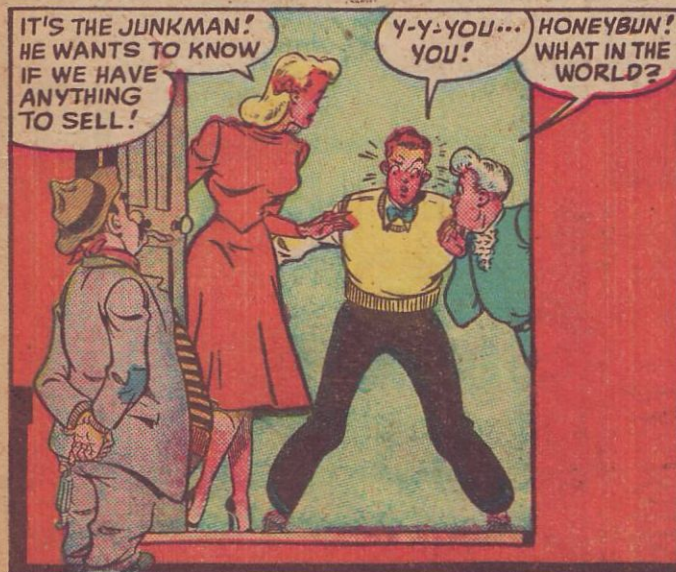
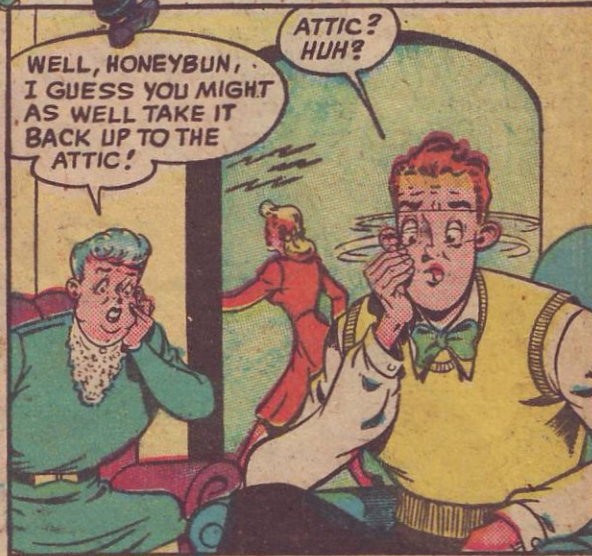
HONEYBUN HAS AN URGENT ERRAND, MOTHER! BUT HE'LL GET THE DRESSER FOR YOU... WON'T YOU DEAR?

UH... SURE... MIGGS... SURE!









CANDY

MMMM—
WONDER IF I
COULD BREAK
PAR WITH
THAT?

YOU'D MAR
A BEAUTIFUL
FRIENDSHIP
IF YOU TRIED!

SARLES

I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE
TED AND CUTHBERT
CAN BE, TRISH!

CUTHBERT'S NEVER LATE
FOR OUR DAILY DATE AT
THE SWEET SHOPPE,
CANDY! SOMETHING
MUST BE
DOING!

HI, DREAM GIRLS!
CAN WE TOTE YOU
TO TOWN?

SINCE WE HAVE A
DATE, TED DAWSON, I
THINK IT'S AWFULLY
NICE OF YOU TO
SHOW UP!

SQUEEE!



I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE BOYS ARE TAKING SUCH AN INTEREST IN GOLF! I HATE TO BE STOOD UP JUST BECAUSE THEY WANT TO PUTTER AROUND WITH A WHITE PILL!

TWO CHERRY FLIPS, PLEASE! AND WHAT ABOUT THE TWO CHARACTERS WHO MOWED US DOWN AS WE CAME IN HERE? IT MUST BE IN THE AIR!



YOU MEAN YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY YOUR DATES JILTED YOU?

EXACTLY WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, CORNELIA?



JUST THIS, MISS SNOOTYSNIP! MAYBE YOU'RE NOT ON THE RIGHT COURSE WITH TED DAWSON, AFTER ALL!

G-GOSH!



HARTWICK SPORTS

JUNIOR GOLF CHAMP VISITS HARTWICK



Marge Ross

HOW TOO UTTERLY BORING! I'M SURE I DON'T CARE IF THERE ARE A DOZEN GIRL GOLF CHAMPIONS ON THE LINKS!

WELL, THAT'S A NEW WRINKLE!

CANDY! YOU'RE KIDDING!



COME ON, TRISH! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WHAT'S THE HURRY? I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T CARE?

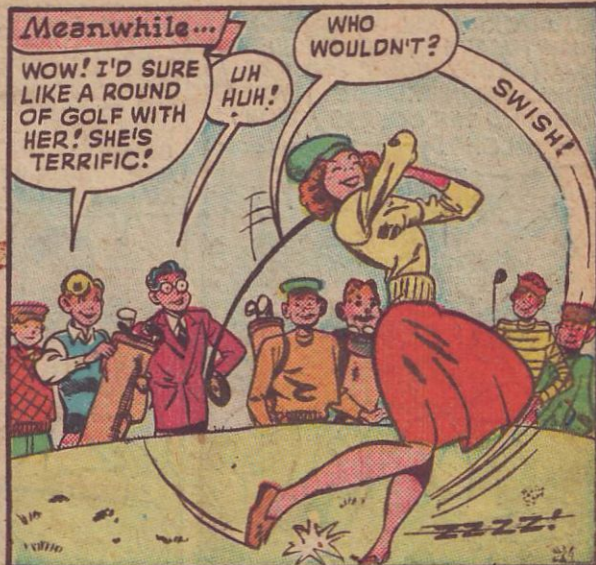
Sweet
SHOP



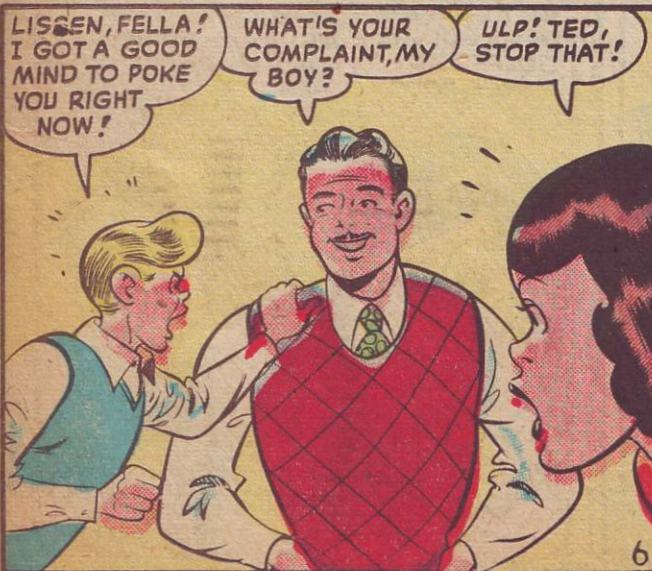
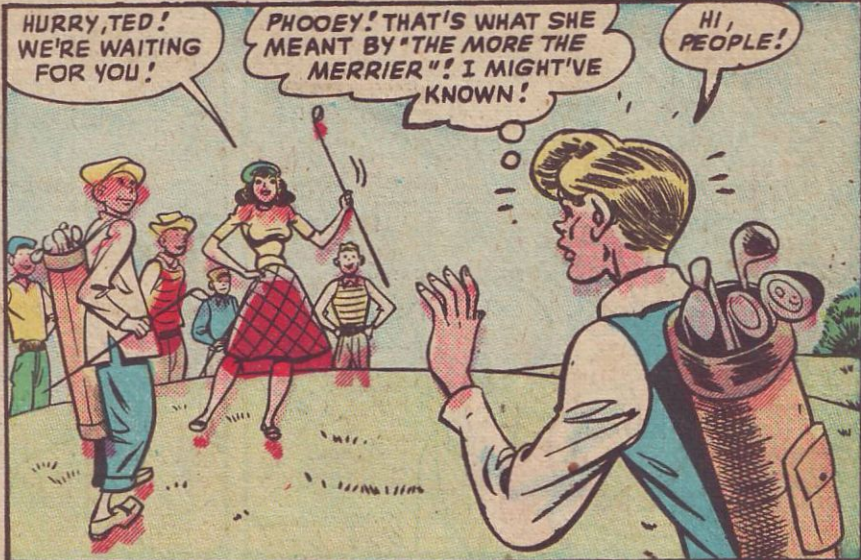
OF COURSE I CARE! DON'T YOU? BUT I JUST DIDN'T WANT THAT CATTY CORNELIA TO KNOW IT!

OH! I CERTAINLY HOPE CUTHBERT DOESN'T HAVE ANY IDEAS ABOUT DATING THAT MARGE ROSS! SHE'S AWFULLY PRETTY!











THE SPIRIT

PSST! -- WANNA HAVE A LI'L
ADVENTURE AND SEE SOME FAST
ACTION? JEST FOLLA ME -- AH'M
GOIN' DOWN TO SEE THE
SPIRIT!

by
Will Eisner

In the *SPIRIT's* strange cozy home, deep
under a tomb in Wildwood Cemetery...

BACK
FROM THE
POSTOFFICE,
EBONY?

YASSUH --- PACKAGE
FO' YOU, COME TO
GON' DELIV'RY --
LIKEWISE DIS
LETTAH!



IT'S ABOUT THE DEATH OF
RAM GUNGA, THAT ORIENTAL
CROOK WE HELPED TRAP!
HE DIED OF PNEUMONIA,
WAITING FOR TRIAL -- TOLD
THE POLICE TO SEND
ME HIS **KUKRI** ---

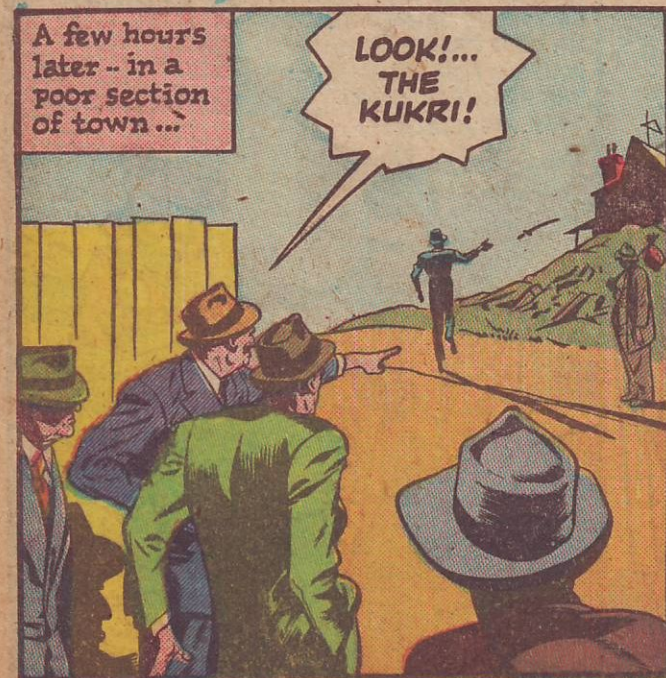
AND
THIS MUST
BE IT!

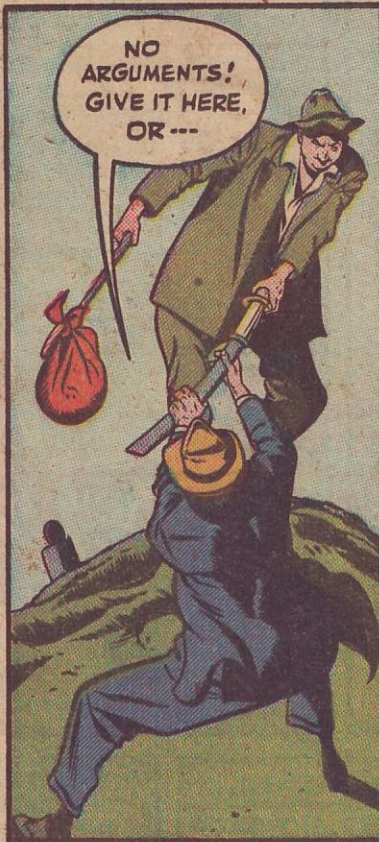




Perhaps there was a **REAL WISH** TO CAUSE TROUBLE in Ram Gunga's strange bequest.....

IT'S ABOUT RAM GUNGA! SAYS HERE THE **SPIRIT** INHERITED THAT **KUKRI**! I WONDER IF HE KNOWS THERE'S A PRECIOUS **RUBY** HIDDEN IN THE HILT?





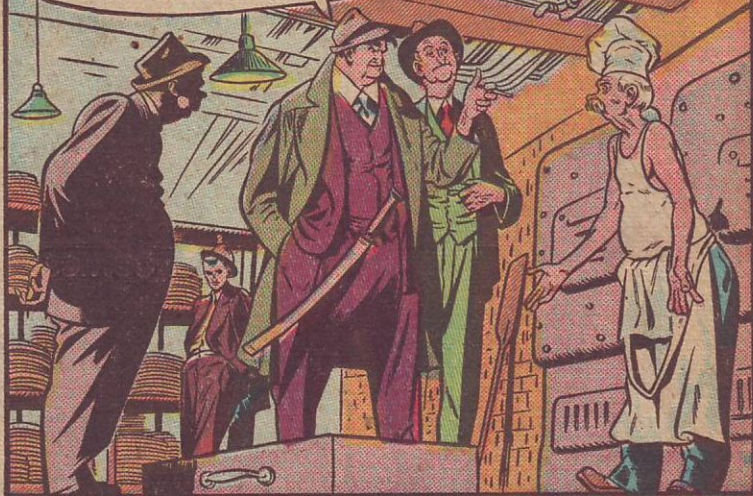
YOU MEAN THIS
GOOD-LUCK PIECE OF MINE?
I CARRY IT WITH ME!...
COME ON, WE'VE GOT
SOME SUCKERS TO
LINE UP!



And so, throughout Central City...

THE OTHER TOWN BAKERS ARE FALLING
IN LINE, BUB! PAY PLENTY AND WE KEEP
YOUR PIE BUSINESS GOING WITHOUT A
HITCH! BUT IF YOU DON'T JOIN OUR
ASSOCIATION, YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET
THE CUSTARD SQUEEZED
OUT OF YOU!

IF I
GOTTA, I
GOTTA!



Not only WEARY is interested in pie....

AH SHO'LIKES PIE! THINK
I'LL TAKE ONE HOME FO'
ME AN' MIST' SPIRIT
BOSS!



SEEMS LAK YO'S
CHARGIN' ME MO' THAN
THE CEILIN' PRICE,
MISTAH!

I GOTTA, SON!
NEED THE MONEY
TO KICK BACK TO
THE ASSOCIATION!



'SOCIATION? THAT'S
GOT A SORTA FAMILIAR
SOUN'! WAIT'LL AH
TELL MIST' SPIRIT
BOSS!



YOU'RE RIGHT, EBONY! THE OLD
PROTECTION RACKET--EXTORTING
MONEY FROM BUSINESS MEN--
USUALLY HIDES UNDER THE NAME
ASSOCIATION! LET'S GO INTO
BUSINESS OURSELVES!

THE PIE
BIZNESS?
AH'D LIKE
THAT!



Next day...

ANOTHER OUTFIT
THAT'LL KICK BACK
TO US! I'LL GO
LINE 'EM UP!



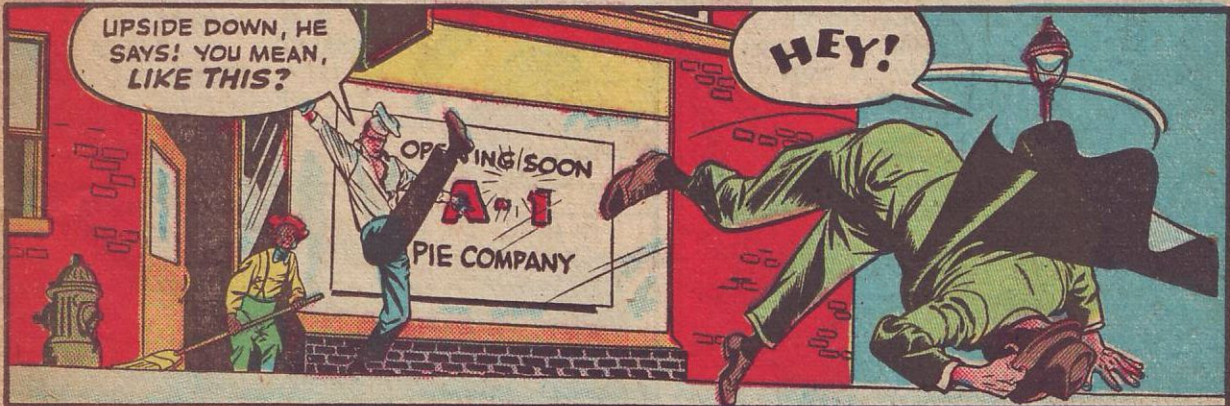
BUT-- THIS PLACE
IS NOT OPEN FO'
BIZNESS YET!--

YOU WON'T OPEN
UNLESS YOU JOIN
OUR ASSOCIATION,
RUNT! DIG OUT THE
DOUGH, OR WE'LL
TURN THIS JOINT
UPSIDE DOWN!



UPSIDE DOWN, HE
SAYS! YOU MEAN,
LIKE THIS?

HEY!



YOU'D BETTER
JOIN **OUR**
OUTFIT! THIS
IS THE
INITIATION!

WAIT UNTIL I
TELL WEARY!
WAIT -- JUST
WAIT....



THEY REFUSED, DID
THEY? WELL, WE
NEED A HORRIBLE
EXAMPLE! WE'LL
WIPE 'EM OUT
TONIGHT!



OW!

HOW MANY TIMES
I GOTTA TELL YOU
NOT TO FOOL WITH
MY LUCKY KNIFE?
LET'S GET ORGANIZED
FOR TONIGHT!









WOOZY'S SECRET WEAPON

"... the prettiest big blue eyes and yellow curls—and can she cook!"

"Okay," Plastic Man muttered. "How much does it cost?"

"Plas!" Woozy yelled indignantly. "I don't think you heard a word I was sayin'."

Plastic Man shook himself mentally and woke up. "Sorry, Woozy. I thought you were describing a new car you wanted to buy."

"New car!" Woozy snorted. "Why, Plas, I was tellin' ya about this new tenant who's moved into that vacant apartment. They're newlyweds, she and her husband. She's learnin' to cook—and when she bakes pies and cakes and things for him, she gives me some."

"I'm sorry, Woozy," Plastic Man repeated, "but my mind was on this new case. If you'll wait till I've got it figured out, I'll pay all the attention you want to your nice young couple."

"Guess I know when I'm not wanted," Woozy sulked. "I'll just go take a walk. Anyway"—he sniffed the air—"smells like she's been baking something good again."

After Woozy left the room, Plastic Man settled back in his chair to think. He had just returned from a conference with Mortimer Mixon, the millionaire. Several weeks ago Mr. Mixon's daughter, Mary, had walked out of the house one morning and had vanished. The police had been searching for her ever since, without turning up a single clue concerning her whereabouts. They were inclined to think that Mary Mixon had left of her own volition—but only yesterday Mr. Mixon had received a ransom note demanding \$100,000 for her return. At the suggestion of the police, Plastic Man had been consulted.

"We still don't know anything definite," the police chief had explained to Plas. "This

ransom note may be a fake—some thug who's read about the case and hopes to cash in on some easy money."

Now Plas was going over the facts as he had heard them. The trouble was, there weren't many facts. The crux of the matter, as Plas saw it, was Mixon himself. He insisted that his daughter had been completely happy at home and had no possible reason for leaving. If he were telling the truth there was reason to suspect that Mary Mixon had met with foul play. But Plas had a feeling that perhaps the man was not telling the whole truth.

The phone rang and Plastic Man reached his arm across the room to lift the receiver.

"Plastic Man!"

Plas recognized the excited voice as that of millionaire Mixon.

"There's a suspicious-looking man hiding in the shrubbery around my house!" the voice continued. "He's been there for some time. Do you think it's one of the kidnappers?"

"Just hold everything," Plas directed. "Don't let him know you've seen him—and I'll be right over."

After a quick trip, Plastic Man approached the Mixon mansion under cover. Blending himself among the branches of a tall bush, he stretched his neck into the air and looked the situation over. At first he could see or hear nothing. Then he saw a furtive figure running away down the driveway.

Plas could have stretched his legs into strides long enough to overtake the intruder, but he decided the smart thing was to keep out of sight and follow the man. Perhaps he would lead Plas to the hideout where Mary Mixon was held prisoner.

At a corner, the fleeing man leaped on a bus just as the vehicle pulled away. For a mo-

ment it looked as if Plastic Man might lose him—but Plas simply stretched his long arms down the street after the bus until he caught the back railing, whereupon he contracted his arms again and pulled himself aboard.

When the man left the bus in the center of town, Plas followed. They approached a tall apartment building, and Plas stared around in surprise. The neighborhood looked strangely familiar. In fact, the man he was trailing was entering Plastic Man's own building! Was it possible that the gang had been hiding Mary Mixon right under the nose of Plastic Man?

The man went inside and Plas, remaining outside but stretching his neck up over the doorway, was able to keep out of sight and still see to which apartment the man went. Then Plas followed, moving silently along the hall. Reaching a doorway, on the right, Plas noticed the door was standing slightly ajar. He could see nothing inside the room because it was dark. Was this a trap? Plas smiled to himself. He had confidence in his own unique ability to survive any traps yet devised. He had done it before.

Pushing open the door, he slipped into the dark room.

"Swoosh!" A soft, pliable mass seemed to envelop Plastic Man, bearing him to the ground with its weight. He struggled—but when he tried to stretch his usually extensible limbs, they only buried themselves deeper in this strange substance. What was it? A new material developed in some mad scientist's laboratory? A secret weapon devised especially to trap Plastic Man?

Plas stopped struggling. There was more than one way to play this game, and he would play it smart. Suddenly a voice spoke above his head.

"Got him! Turn on the lights!"

Plastic Man blinked his eyes in the sudden glare—and then he blinked them again. There on top of him sat the balloon-like shape of Woozy Winks!

"Plas!" Woozy gasped, his mouth dropping open with shock. "Plas!"

"Okay, Woozy," Plas muttered sarcastically, "start explaining!"

Puffing, Woozy scrambled to his feet. Plastic Man also stood up, flexing his rubber-like limbs. Looking swiftly around the room, Plas saw two other people: a lovely young girl with big blue eyes and yellow curls, who resembled the photos he had seen of Mary Mixon—and a handsome young fellow holding her hand, the man Plas had followed!

"And it better be good!" Plas continued grimly. Then as he watched Woozy's flabbergasted face, his mouth opening and shutting soundlessly, his own mouth twitched and broke into a grin. "What have we been doing, Woozy . . . setting traps for each other? Is this, by any chance, the young lady you were trying to tell me about?"

"That's right!" Woozy gasped. "After you left this afternoon, she told me the whole story. Seems she ran away from her father—who's a rich big shot who wouldn't let her marry the guy she picked!"

"He was so stubborn!" the girl broke in. "He wouldn't even meet Jerry or find out about him—just made up his mind he was no good. So, I ran away and married him anyway!"

"And everything was fine," the young man added, "until we read in the papers that Mr. Mixon was about to pay a ransom to a bunch of crooks. We didn't want him swindled, so I was hanging around his place to try to keep the crooks away."

"And I followed you here . . ." Plas said.

"Yeah—and we thought you was one of the crooks, so I jumped ya!" Woozy explained apologetically.

"Well, I guess that takes care of everything—except notifying your father, Miss Mixon, that you're all right. I think you'll find him glad to see you and your husband. And Woozy . . ." Plastic Man turned to his self-styled helper. "the next time we need some fighting done, I'll let you take on my opponents! You'll weigh 'em down!"

MANHUNTER

Man and beast meet deadly foes when a criminal's trail leads Manhunter and his faithful dog, Thor, to the secluded swamp-land retreat of **MADDIN, the MASTIFF MAN!**



As Dan Richards, secretly Manhunter, walks a suburban beat...

GUNFIRE!

**BANG!
BANG!**



WHAT'S...

THERE HE GOES, OFFICER! THAT MAN ROBBED MY STORE! I GRABBED MY GUN AND FIRED AT HIM AS HE RAN AWAY!



HALT, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!







MY GANG DOES WHAT I SAY,
AN' MY MASTIFFS KEEP 'EM IN
LINE! BUT DIPPER'S A NEW
GUY! I'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE
OF HIM TO REMIND THE
OTHERS!



MADDIN,
IS THE
COP
GONE?

YEAH, HE'S GONE! AN'
YOU'RE GOIN', TOO!



BUT BOSS, I DID
WHAT YOU SAID!
LOOK ..HERE'S THE
GROCER'S DOUGH!
BUT WHEN I RAN AWAY
HE FIRED AT ME AND...

PAH! I GIVE YA A
LITTLE JOB TO START
WITH, AN' YA MUFF IT!



I AIN'T GOT ROOM FOR
BUNGLERS HERE! AN' I TOL'
YA NOT TO COME BACK UNTIL
YOU'D SHOOK THE COPPERS!
NOW, GIT!

SURE, SURE!
BUT GIVE
ME...



I GIVE NOTHIN'
BUT ORDERS!
GO THAT
WAY!

BUT MADDIN,
THE SWAMP!
IT'S...



TAKE YOUR CHOICE...
QUICKSAND OR HUNGRY
MASTIFFS! GO, BOYS...

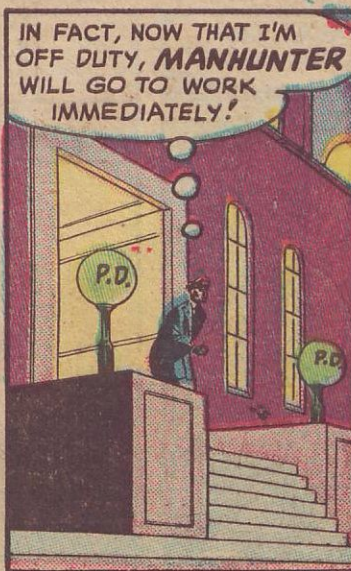
NO!
NOT
THE
DOGS!

GROWRR!



HA, HA,
HA, HA!

HELP! I'M
SINKING!
AIEEEE!



A supersonic whistle, audible only to the keen ears of a dog ...

TWEEET!

GRRR!



GOOD DOG, THOR! I'LL HIDE MY COP'S UNIFORM HERE ... AND HOPE THAT THE TRASH COLLECTOR DOESN'T COME UNTIL MORNING!



ARF! ARF!

MANHUNTER SAYS DAN RICHARDS HASN'T FORGOTTEN HIS MEETING WITH MADDIN, THOR! MANY PEOPLE HAVE FEIGNED MADNESS TO HIDE THEIR EVIL WAYS!



WOOF!

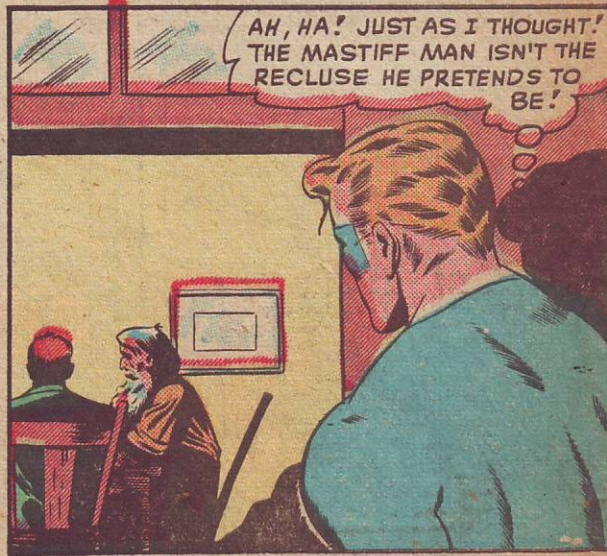
I'M GLAD YOU AGREE WITH ME, THOR! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO VISIT MISTER MAD MAN MADDIN, THE MASTIFF MAN! AND YOU MAY HAVE TO SETTLE THE ISSUE WITH SOME OF YOUR OWN KIND!



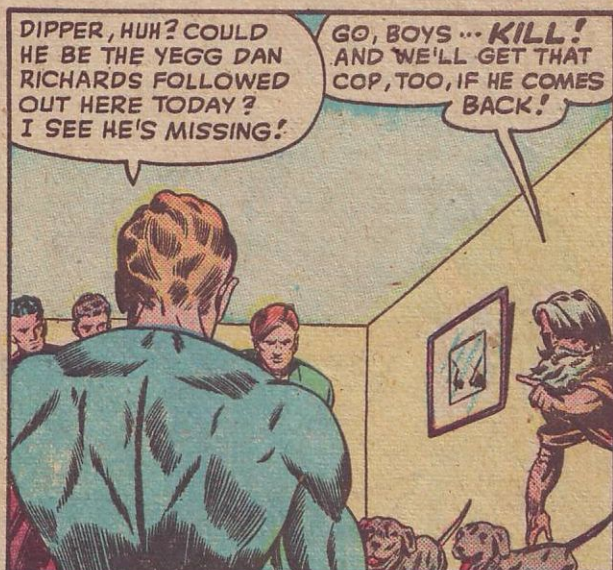
IT'S ALMOST DARK! THAT'S GOOD! WE CAN APPROACH UNNOTICED!



YOU WAIT HERE, THOR, WHILE I LOOK INSIDE!



AH, HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE MASTIFF MAN ISN'T THE RECLUSE HE PRETENDS TO BE!



KILL! KILL
MANHUNTER
AND HIS
DOG!

THOR GOT HERE JUST IN
THE NICK OF TIME! I
COULDN'T HANDLE
BOTH DOGS
ALONE!

GRRR!



GROWRR!

WHEW! MADDIN DOESN'T
KNOW IT, BUT HE ALMOST
FINISHED BOTH MANHUNTER
AND DAN RICHARDS AT
ONCE!



GOOD WORK, THOR!
YOUR FIGHTING
SKILL IS BETTER
THAN THEIR SAVAGERY!

NO DOG'S BETTER THAN
MY MASTIFFS! I'LL
SHOOT! I'LL
KILL...



THIS IS A FAIR FIGHT BETWEEN
DOGS, MADDIN ... BUT NOT DIRTY
DOGS LIKE YOU!

BANG!



DON' JUST STAND
THERE, YA LUNK-
HEADS! FIGHT!
DO SOMETHIN'...
OOF!

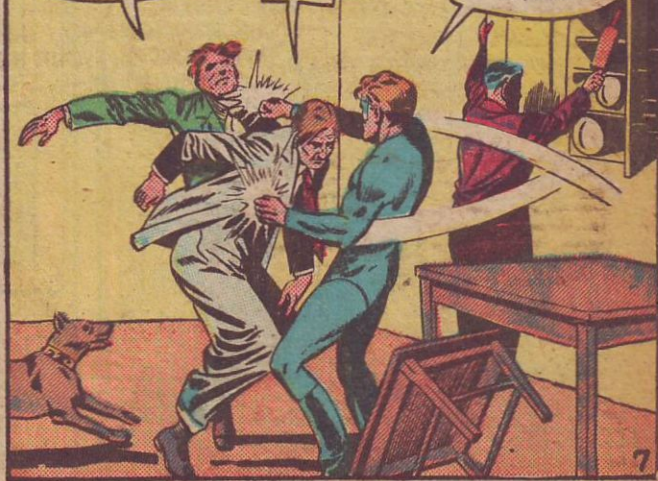
YOU'VE MASTER-MINDED
YOUR CROOKS SO WELL
THAT THEY DON'T HAVE
MINDS OF THEIR
OWN!



WHY, YOU...
UNGG!

WUFF!

...AND THAT MAKES
THEM EASY TO
HANDLE!





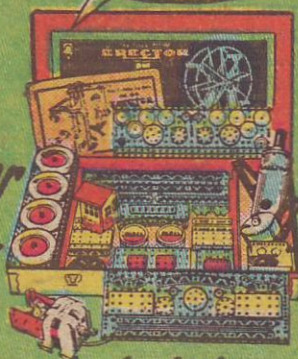
BOYS!

Look at all
the
Spectacular
Buzz-With-
Action
Models you can build
with

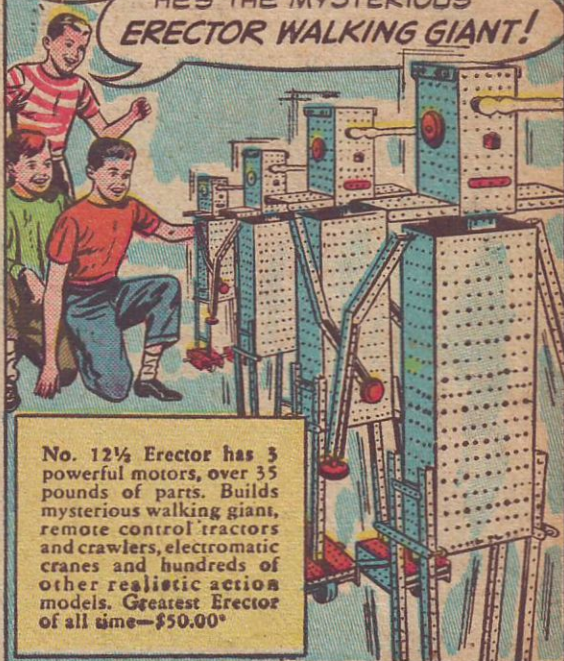
ERECTOR®

Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

ERECTOR
HAS GIRDERS OF
STEEL-TO
BUILD LIKE REAL!



LOOK! HE'S MADE OF METAL!
HE HAS ELECTRIC EYES! HE
WALKS BY REMOTE CONTROL!
HE'S THE MYSTERIOUS
ERECTOR WALKING GIANT!



No. 12½ Erector has 3
powerful motors, over 35
pounds of parts. Builds
mysterious walking giant,
remote control tractors
and crawlers, electromanic
cranes and hundreds of
other realistic action
models. Greatest Erector
of all time—\$50.00*

THIS GIANT FERRIS WHEEL HAS
ELECTRIC LIGHTS...OPERATES IN
BOTH DIRECTIONS
AT HIGH OR LOW
SPEED!



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Electric Set. Most complete engineering
outfit Dad can buy for \$19.95*



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you open the big box and start to
assemble girders, wheels, gears
and other parts. Erector parts have
equi-distant holes, so that you just
count the holes to put them to-
gether. No other construction set
builds the square girder with inter-
locking edges and contains so
many parts. Curved, straight and
giant steel girders. Metal base
plates. Real engineering bolts and
nuts. 5 kinds of gears. Electric
engine. Electro-magnet. Electric
lights. Engineer's shack. Boiler
shells. Giant flywheel parts. Auto-
mobile wheels. See the new Erector
toys wherever toys are sold.

*Denver and west, prices slightly higher

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HOLD YOU
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tures—tells you all. Mail coupon or post
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Name

Street

City State

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YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

YOU BUILD special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.

YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.

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You build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts... speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, etc.

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WITH BIG KITS OF PARTS I SEND YOU

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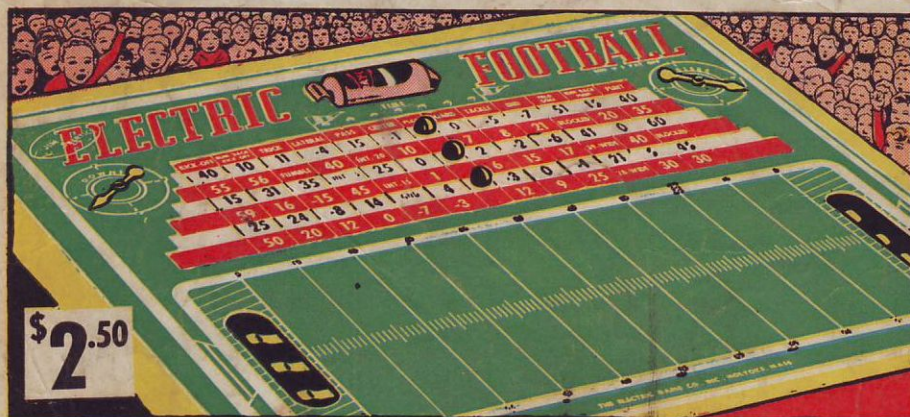
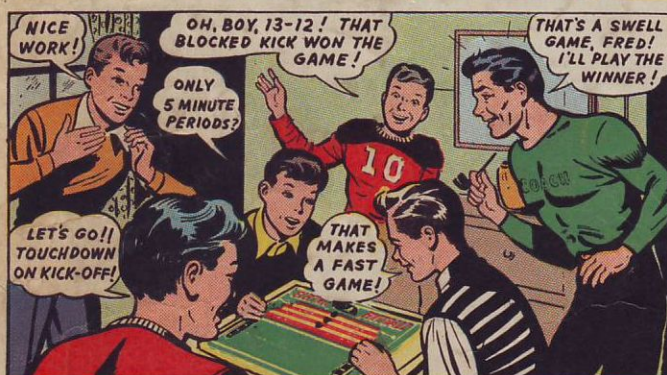
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